

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

JANUARY 29, 1979 / 75¢



THE SEVENTIES

Peter C. Newman reviews the decade





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JANUARY 29, 1979

VOL. 92 NO. 5



Little homes for little people

A Toronto couple who specializes in building homes suited to Lilliputian proportions says business is so good they have moved to a larger shop. **Page 11**



More guns—and hold the butter

President Carter hitches in his nation's belt cuts down on help for the poor but tends the purse-strings looser on oil, oil funds. **Page 22**

COVER STORY The Seventies

The Seventies were much more than the Fifties in a leisure suit. Although they produced divas, John Travolta and Peter Laughner, the decade was one of despair. In our cover story, Maclean's Editor Peter C. Newman takes a critical look at the Seventies and finds that once powerful Canada will emerge into the Eighties as a strange new land. **Page 36**

Around the world in 80 delays

Looking at times like a youthful Gerry Ford, Opposition leader Joe Clark admitted after his Mid-East tour he's glad to be home. **Page 18**

'William Tell' never sounded like this

In Calgary, the Pathfinders took its lead from American ventriloquist Stan Lee—with a little help from Neil Krentz, Lanthier and Geary. **Page 32**



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Catching up with Burroughs

The writing in Toronto. The setting in New York City. Despite a lean grey mane in a grey-brown synthetic suit is striding at a small wooden desk in a hard pool of light, reading from books, magazines and pages of manuscript. As he reads, he shuffles through them—apparently inquisitive with their order.

He speaks in flat, Midwestern accents, now like a butcher's saw ripping through bone, now like a hard place, sending little dramatic fragments, acting all the parts. Balanced, bold, obscure, flashing his inevitable "sheep-killing dog" smile, he is like some apostate priest railing at the church.

It's William S. Burroughs onstage, arguably the most influential American writer now living and suddenly, after two decades of underground notoriety, at age 61, something of a Pop Star Dennis Hopper wants to make a movie based on his 1963 novel, *Junkie*. Burroughs and Terry Southern have already worked on a script. On the lecture circuit, Burroughs' audiences are growing; he drew a full house when he passed through Toronto in November, and packed out New York's Kennedy Theatre during the three-day News Convention in December. Burroughs' "act" is simplicity itself; he reads from his writing, and then answers questions from the audience. It is as if his fans had bought a ticket to watch that interestingly rare spectacle, a live act of thought.

Anthony Burgess has called Burroughs "one of the small body of writers who are willing to look at life and report what they see... the first original since Joyce." Norman Mailer called him, "The only American novelistic living today who may conceivably be possessed by genius." *Newsweek* went all out: "the Martin Luther of hypertexts,

Burroughs, America's oldest living hackster, has a new stage spectacle: he reads books.

writing his device on the alcove door of the solar system." Nevertheless, his profits remain distinctly bourgeois: total royalties for his controversial novel, *The Naked Lunch*, now in its 25th printing, are in the neighborhood of \$10,000.

The majority of his audience is young enough to be his grandchildren. He did not even start writing until he was 38—which is older than most of his fans. He's a solo, a precursor. As the putative spiritual father of the so-called Beat Generation, he has somehow outlived many of his sons (Jack Kerouac and Neal Cassidy being two).

Perhaps half of those who come to hear Burroughs read know anything about the '60s beyond the Fats. They know nothing of the McCarthy witch-hunt, nothing of the censorship, the stifling party, the hypocrite against which the Beat battle lines were drawn. They're mostly too young to know, and not even likely to be readers, as the progeny of a post-literate culture.

But the last book they may have read,



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ment enough to let them prevail, and an aircraft to bring them home.

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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS




The Gift Horse

before turning up the stereo—the book university students used to read with throat delight, shoving aside piles of Juulsen dramas—was *The Naked Lunch*, whose long-delayed American publication in 1962 was like an early beachhead in the war against the censorship laws. Now, right of *Burmoughs'* novels are being brought out in new, large paperback printings, and there is another work awaiting publication, an 18th-century poetic romance called *Cities of the First Night*. And, only 14 years after the first publishing contract was signed in *Burmoughs'* positive period is a literary thing, *The Third Mind* is finally in the bookstore—a sort of *Burmoughs* primer, co-written by his collaborator, the British-born, Alberta-raised painter, Bruce Ogden. It was Ogden's aerial observations that "writing was 50 years behind painting" that led to the vertiginous out-of-focus techniques which became a *Burmoughs* hallmark, and which, not incidentally, made much of his writing inaccessible to the literary-minded.

In a cut-up, two pages of unrelated writing are misused and applied together, creating a word collage. It's a technique that duplicates what *Burmoughs* figures is going on all the time when you read a volume of newspaper you are subliminally reading the columns on either side. "All writing is in fact cut-ups," *Burmoughs* says.

However, *Burmoughs'* new audience is anything but literary-minded. *Burmoughs* is as Mr. Wave as Dewey, as post-punk as Patti Smith. Punk is the Best Generation revealed (only this time the black boards have run in them), and *Burmoughs* has come out of his windowless New York loft in the Bowery (called "The Bomber") to sign on an tour guide.

At the last *Burmoughs* gathering, his old publishers were there to launch what was described as a concerted campaign to "get Bill the Nobel Prize." On hand were Gyrate, Allen Ginsberg, dancer Merce Cunningham, composer John Cage, Timothy Leary, Frank Zappa, poet Ed Sanders and Patti Smith. "Ladies and gentlemen," the MC announced, "the doctor is here." And William Seward Burroughs, president of the adding-machine maker, former Harvard scholar, former morphine addict, former Texas marijuana farmer, former private eye, former exterminator, and permanent explainer ("It is necessary to throw it in not necessary to live") shyly welcomed everyone to wild applause, and said. **Wesley Freeman**



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Videodiscs: I'll trade you 'Psycho' for 'Ben Hur'



I'll begin with an impatient technodreamer back when the photograph was invented. He placed the heavy needle nose onto his fat, black round container at 78 revolutions per minute. He sat back to enjoy a stretchy tune, but something was missing and the in-

ventor's mind to tamper struck: why not color pictures, as well as sound, from the old Vidiscs?

Such dreams lay hidden in the back pages of magazine periodicals until 1970, when *Time* magazine told the first video egg: some customers bought it, but the

Teldec was expensive and only played for 10 minutes. Just a technological tease.

But long lines outside a department store in Atlanta, Georgia, last month made it clear that the videodisc was an idea whose time and technology had arrived. During the test marketing, the entire stock was gone in 20 minutes, despite the \$895 price tag, the Philips laser videodisc player, marketed by Magnavox, under the name Magnavision, was a smash.

Videodiscs—distant relatives of videodisc recorders—are engraved with microscopic grooves in which a movie is trapped. The picture is released by either a finely focused laser beam or a conventional diamond needle, which flashes it to your color TV set. Unlike videodisc recorders, videodiscs cannot record from the TV set—once you buy *Ben Hur*, you're stuck with *Ben Hur*.

Which raises a timely question: Is the price of the people at Magnavox-Philips, RCA and other companies considering the Big Player who really wants to sit through *Jesus* more than once?

Nevertheless, Magnavox-Philips is betting heavily on the appeal of old movies (\$10 each) and new (95¢ per) to attract buyers. They have made a deal with Universal Pictures, so they will choose among hundreds of titles of old-

skilled There are also "how to" series, ballets, operas and rock concerts in stores which can be played through regular hi-fi systems.

Soon, pornography—the big "who, what" in discussion of home programming—has been questioned in the form of X-rated features. Although none of the major companies will discuss the matter officially, all are well aware of the fortunes being made in the videodisc cassette carved-flesh business. "The X-rated material is not going to come from us, but we would be naive to think that it wouldn't be there," said one executive who declined to be named. It remains to be seen whether any firm is allowed to spread the sensitive but dedicated market dying to get *The Devil in Mrs. Jones* into their living rooms.

On the other hand, the new medium's success might only come with original material made for the videodisc. Videodisc of New York, an independent firm, stages live concerts and tapes them for the home video market. RCA, which will launch its Selecta Vision player in the early '80s, has already amassed a large bank of program material and hired former NBC president Herb Schlosser to develop its "software" (that's "jargon" to the rest of us).

Videodisc still has some more-

written to be ironed out, however. The worst problem has been caused by the independent spirit of America's free enterprise—some of the videodisc systems are incompatible with any other. With millions of dollars and years of research behind them, each company believes its own system is the best and will win the standards struggle to come. It wasn't many years ago that the great four-channel sound battle between RCA, CBS and Sennet flooded the market with

adapters, confused the public and ultimately killed four-channel sound. The videodisc competition is beyond the jurisdiction of the usual peacemaker, the Federal Communications Commission, so Madison Avenue may just have to light it out. Zenith, for example, has adopted a wait-and-see stance. Canadian, in fact, has no other choice, since it will be at least 1980 before the videodisc makes its way up north.

Alan Luth



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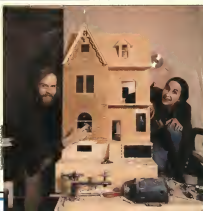
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Just the thing for your apartment—a miniature house

It is a small world. Especially at the Little Doll House Company, a retailer's store in Toronto run by Jack and Beth Eckhardt, who have been making and selling everything from minuscule motorcycles to doll-sized headshrinkers for nearly five years now. It is a very old art in Europe, says Dutch-born Jack Eckhardt, who started by building model shops and covered wagons. Now collecting miniatures is one of the most popular hobbies in the U.S., and the Eckhardts' business has given so much lately that they have had to move to a new and larger shop.

"It is really very similar to electric trains," says Jack, referring to the parental tradition of buying a train set and then getting carried away purchasing track, dual electric, scenery and cattle cars. "Parents buy a model house for their kids and then get interested in helping build it and collect the furnishings. And for apartment-



The Eckhardts with their handmade home: scaled-down art for your apartment.

dwellers depressed by the price tags on real homes, a model version (ready-made houses start at \$50; assembled yours hit at \$40) may be a smart, gratifying act of consumer therapy.

The crafts involved a miniature world—everything from wiring and glass-blowing to pottery—are also scaled down to Lilliputian proportions. Jack Eckhardt works with a steel that cut a topside in half lengthwise and a lathe that can turn a piece of wood one-sixteenth of an inch in width. Much of the work, however, is done with small hand tools—and a lot of care. At the Eckhardts' store, furnishings include copper pots for the kitchen and beds and nightstands for the son of a malachite headshrinker (not clay and bread dough).

Jack's latest project is a one-of-a-kind exhibition house. "It will have everything a real house would have—a real expensive house," he says. Having already reached \$1,000 in the construction, The Victorian house, scaled to the usual size of one-eighth to 12-inches, will have tiny 1860s-style stables on the roof walls with wind "breakers" and gingerbread gables. Besides a well stocked wine cellar, there will be running water. And among the miniature furnishings will be a real bed with a pillow set, and a very real, very small electric fan.

Barbara Mackay

The eclipse: don't let the sun catch you spying

As the date of the Feb. 26 total solar eclipse looms, professional sky-watchers in southern Manitoba are getting excited—and in some cases a little nervous. When a total solar eclipse occurred along the eastern U.S. seaboard in 1979, about 100 Americans damaged their eyeglass by watching it without proper protection.

What's being billed as the greatest light show left this century for North Americans, (the next total solar eclipse will be visible in Haffin Island in 2006) is decidedly not an occasion for opera glasses. Staring at the sun as the moon begins to cross its surface can cause retinopathy in less than a minute, and without any pain. The injury occurs because the eye's lens acts as a magnifying glass concentrating the sun's rays, burning the retina, and causing partial or total loss of sight. Damage is permanent in most cases. Eclipse-viewing, therefore, is not an occasion for solar magnifying ("I don't need any silly gear, I have great eyes").

Anticipating this problem, the Manitoba Planetarium staff in Winnipeg have designed some "safety-looking" views long the lines of 3-D movie glasses, but with narrower eye slots. The slots are covered with a special aluminum Mylar film made of metal and plastic and have been tested and found safe for viewing—in 1979, certain events—by no less a body than the National Research Council. The planetarium has ordered 60,000.

Robert Ballantyne, director of the planetarium and a veteran of four total eclipses at various parts of the globe, says the viewers should be perfectly safe if instructions printed on the cardboard frames are followed. The mirror-like eyepieces should reflect all damaging rays—provided that the material isn't scratched, they fully cover the eyes and they're not used in conjunction with binoculars, telescopes and other optical

equipment. "Equally important," says Ballantyne, leaning over a desk piled high with eclipse data, "the user should make sure that light from the sun isn't reflected into someone else's eyes. The instructions are printed plainly for all to see." It all begins to sound more and more like a science-fiction movie



A total solar eclipse and left, a viewer for safe viewing: scratches on my retinae



plot. The invasion of the Visor People.

But just in case someone does get carried, the frames also bear a legal disclaimer from both the planetarium and distributor. Ballantyne doubts that 60,000 pairs will mistily demand some Feb. 26, but adds that No. 14 are welder's glasses should also be safe.

Meanwhile Dr. Roy Brown, president of the Canadian Association of Ophthalmologists, is educating viewers under an assumption slogan of "It's better safe than sorry." Dr. Brown, who lives at Viridian, close to the central path of eclipse totality, isn't ecstatic over the planetar-

ium vision, but says he'll take the sun's word for it that they're safe if properly used. His own organization is distributing 300,000 pamphlets through Eaton's stores in Winnipeg and Brandon among eclipse-gazers to avoid using binoculars, telescopes, opera glasses, smoked or tinted glass and sunglasses.

"It can also be highly dangerous to use exposed film for viewing," he warns. "The ISO says it's safe to view the eclipse through two layers of fully exposed black and white film, but the American says four layers should be used. In any case, the film must be black

and white, and totally exposed."

Manitoba optometrist Grogan "Eye care. Do you?" is urging people to build telescopes instead—enlarged versions of the pinhole camera made out of cardboard boxes—and their 300,000 pamphlets include instructions for making one. Basically, the viewer slips a box over his head and watches the eclipse backward. At one end of the box, behind the head, is a small opening covered with foil, with a pinprick in the middle. The sun's rays pass through and the viewer watches the eclipse indirectly on a sheet of paper at the other end of the box. (A backyard full of viewers suggests an interesting tableau.) But the best box of all, according to Dr. Brown, is the one in the living room. "I'd strongly recommend that all young children or unsupervised ones, as well as adults who are sure about safe viewing, simply watch the eclipse on TV." Peter Carle-Gardner

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CFRB 1010
THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO

Well, there goes the neighborhood

52 **W**e've done unto the Lord, and we'll do it again," rejoined millionaire glass manufacturer Art Skidmore, a member of the Glad Temple Skidmore and his brother

Herk don't deny that they and Jim Patton, a millionaire car dealer, were the three rich men who placed gifts totaling \$1 million onto the collection plate one notable Sunday last fall to match their Vancouver church's building drive into some sublime record book. That glorious day the Glad Temple Skidmore repaid \$2,016,000, a figure that may never be surpassed in a one-day church construction appeal. Skidmore said: "We're a bunch of happy Christians and we'll change Vancouver." But as the curtain fell on 1976 and glad tidings of the season reached \$2,039,327 there

were signs that parts of Vancouver did not want to be changed. Specifically, the parts near the temple.

Vancouver city council received a 67-page petition opposing the expansion of the independent Presbyterian church on middle-class Fraser Street in the city's east end. Residents, worried about traffic jams and parking tangles, judged the city planning department onto their side of the case and persuaded the officials to request a scaling-down of the temple's expansion plan.

Artist's concept of Glad Temple Skidmore



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which one city spokesman described as "massive and insensate."

Two volatile public meetings were held and at the second, Alderman Mike Harcourt told residents: "The blunt fact is that the expansion is going to be approved by the new city council." Harcourt said that even though the planning department was opposed to it, the council would abide by the temple members' wishes and likely alter the present site's zoning classification to allow the oversized building. "This group is pretty unlovable," Harcourt said of the Glad Tidings congregation. "Once they build up a head of steam, it's hard to slow them down."

What's all the fuss about? Good, old



Gagliardi gives me that old-time expansion

fundamentalist revival religion. The Glad Tidings Temple, bustling with 1,800 congregants in a hall which seats only 500, has attracted as many as 1,500 visitors to worshiping, restaurant-Sunday services that offer "nostalgic-gospel music" led by a 100-voice choir and a 70-piece orchestra. "We experience joy and satisfaction," says Ray Gagliardi, a minister of the church and brother of the temple's fiery pastor, Maurice Gagliardi. Their words, the famous "Flying Prof" Gagliardi and former B.C. highways minister, is a Pentecostal preacher in Kamloops.)

Glad Tidings, headquartered in the Fraser Street building, has residences in its courtyard and runs Bible schools in Mexico; the Canadian Arctic and Taiwan. Church services feature beretings and prophecies in addition to the prayers and music. Pastor Gagliardi's personal secretary, Marietta Rothman, said that her mother-in-law, who was divorced, was cited after the prior laid hands on her in mid-December. She was out of hospital, home for Christmas and "loving fine." Pastor Gagliardi urged Vancouver's casual members to "be on the Lord's side" on the expansion issue. It is prophesied that they will.

Robert Stull

Letters

Sowing seeds of famine

The article, *Sowing the Seeds of Suspicion* (Dec. 18), warned and perturbed me greatly. We operate a small privately owned seed business and have been involved in the industry since 1920. We know from experience and from historical records just what improved varieties of plant life have done to help feed the masses. However, your article makes no mention of improvements in world food supplies as a result of these new and better strains and varieties. To persons unknowledgeable in agriculture, the article plants seeds of fear, mistrust and failure in a world needing increased amounts of food for human survival.

I AM IN RICHMOND,

BOTHWELL SEEDS LIMITED,
LENDAY, ONT.

Kinder calendar

I am grateful for Warren Gervais's cover story, *Kids Without Rights* (Nov. 20). Here in Germany, Canada is known as despicable, but for Canadian children realities seem to be much kinder and colder than the stuff dreams are made of. The report, *Adolescents Bewitched: Fur Child as Citizens in Canada*, is indeed well timed. However, I hope the individual effort in Canada is establishing the rights and bringing about an understanding of children as individuals—not as underdeveloped adults—is as strong as that which is taking place here. In Berlin, profits from condoms sold in the name of Kinder in West Berlin are devoted to subsidize and provide programs and there is a list of events and activities organized by the Kindergarten Committee. We are in contact with one another in this city, but perhaps we are finally learning to stand side by side with our children.

I AM JONAS SANDER
BERLIN, WEST GERMANY

Who's manipulating whom?

The article, *Big Stick, Slow Burn* (Jan. 1), as the Asbestos Corporation takeover appears to imply that the passive Quebec government, in its attempt to buy into Quebec's asbestos industry, is suffering from the manipulative practices of a foreign capitalist monster—General Dynamics Corporation. However, Quebec has just to make no offer to purchase to either majority or minority shareholders. The Quebec government's report on the value of Asbestos Corp shares is much less than the \$100 per share that was calculated by the consul-

tants hired by General Dynamics. The facts of the matter are that Asbestos has a replacement value in excess of \$150 per share, the pre-tax cash flow of the company approaches \$11 per share, the working capital alone, and all debt, approaches \$25 per share and that the actual price of the shares should not be a meaningful ingredient in the government's desire to acquire the company. The minority shareholders ought in the middle of this exercise, are selling their 180 to 1,000 shares at stock and determining the value of 2.8 million shares by selling. Both sides should be required to release their reports to shareholders and knowledgeable Canadian security analysts and only then will you be able to say that the market price in this situation is meaningful.

NEED GOODMAN, SETYMER SCHMIDT,
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INVESTMENT COUNCIL, TORONTO

Kaleidoscope shroud

If I could afford 100 copies of the *Fin Times Journal* (Jan. 1) issue, with its extraordinary Shroud of Turin cover, I would hand out every blessed one to our congregation. This issue is a veritable watershed, kaleidoscope and spectrum of the changing racial, monetary, plan what happens behind the scenes.

PASION WILLIAM GLENBERG,
RUNCIE MEMORIAL UNITED CHURCH,
BANKS, ALTA.

Send me your bigots

When I read the article, *Bigots in Bed sheets*—Jan. 18, on the Ku Klux Klan, I was appalled to learn that they have members in Canada. How dare they enter our beloved country and spew as



Klan's fiery cross. Tormented the border

image. To me those people are nothing but reincarnations of Hitler, Mussolini and Eichman. The only people they love is the inferiority in their racism.

JOE ALBERT, ASBESTOS, B.C.

Roll those credits again

As the director of the film, *Skip Trains*, I was greatly flattered by Lawrence

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Leftovers

O'Toole's perceptive review, *Crime and Punishment* (Cine-Cine 74) (Dec. 30). Unfortunately, the press material erred in crediting me with composing the music. The music director was J. Douglas Dodd, who spent untold hours composing, producing, and performing his distinctive score. The piano theme was composed and played by Louise Gurner. I would hate to rub these gentlemen of the credit they so richly deserve.

DAVID B. DALTON
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Motherhood issue

As a Tolkien enthusiast, I found the article, *Majestic Thinking* (Dec. 4), on the film, *The Lord of the Rings*, to be offensive. The statement, "For those whose love for J.R.R. Tolkien and his fairy-tailed little Hobbits is superseded only by memories of their mothers' breasts," which refers to Tolkien followers, was insulting. Outcasts of the movie is a matter of personal taste, but attacking the book and its supporters through the movie is unfair.

STEPHEN TULLOCK
HEALYAX

Upsy-downsy democracy

Bruce Barbares, *Amel*—the article, *This Was the Year the Future Began to Unfold*... (Dec. 1), was a timely warning against encouraging our politicians to abandon our morality for us. The prospect of having our standards of behavior delivered by government programs is unsettling enough, but the notion that a flood of political decrees designed to appease various pressure groups should take the place of the individual moral judgment of Canadians solely in democracy turned upside down.

GISSELINE OTTAWA

Question the questioners

I can imagine some of the responses you must be receiving concerning the article, *The Study of the Mind*... (Dec. 21), on psychologists. Is an age of deflection of the various experts' attention has delivered us to guide us. I am encouraged that someone is still questioning their usefulness. As a university student for the last few years I have developed a healthy distrust of much of the research and the experiments a lot of our knowledge is based upon. There is a need for people who scrutinize the knowledge and its proponents.

KIM TAYLOR, GUELPH, ONT.

BUILT FOR ACTION! NEW FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE PLYMOUTH HORIZON TC3.



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Canadian News

Done politickin'—gone fishin'

When Franklin Duff Moore was reaffirmed as party leader at the Newfoundland Progressive Conservative annual convention at Gander in late November, he promised he would "always put the problems first, the party second, and myself last." He reaffirmed his feelings that it was not good for a leader to step around too long, though, and told the party faithful that the time would come some day when he would decide to step down and "let new blood into the leadership." The province has been doing a good job of taking care of itself lately, and has probably not faced such a glowing future while the

Tories came to power just over seven years ago, ending 25 years of Smallwood government. And now in one sweep Premier Moore has taken care of his second and third promises.

His resignation submitted last week is for the good of the party, to bring in the new blood he talks about, but neither will he himself suffer. Already an independently wealthy man, Moore will probably return to the fishing business where the family money was originally made. But the decision did not come easily and he had been agonizing over it for some time. A detailed opinion poll, showing an opening in public sup-

Moore's advice from an old pro

port for the party, was one of the factors in making up his mind, since the health of the party was second to his poverty first. He also talked extensively with many friends, confidence and political associates, including former Ontario premier John Roberts. Moore wanted to know how the Conservatives had managed to hang on to power for so long in that central Canadian province. Roberts' answer: "Never lead a party into opposition."

Moore, 56 next month, began his public political career in 1968 as a Tory at the age of 20 and won the leadership of the provincial party in 1978, and early the next year resigned his Commons seat. His first provincial election not only put him into the house of assembly, but ultimately also made him Newfoundland's second premier.

The early years were lean, but things have started swinging around. Moore hopes to be remembered best for three major achievements: the sale of the oil refinery at Come By Chance, a Jeep Smallwood-John D. Sheahan — extra-generous which in early '78 became the largest bankruptcy in Canada, the sale of the Labrador Limestone Mill in Stephenville, a Smallwood-John C. Doyle caper which showed what government money started rearing over \$80 million a year, and the general good news that, under the Tory regime, the provincial top has risen by more than three percent. Doubtless there will be more developments in the near future which will be remembered as positive points from Moore's final months in office.

The federal-provincial agreement on hydro developments in Labrador, the new Crown corporation to develop the fisheries, the major industrial success of the government's Acheson Group and, of course, the impending off-shore oil boom, expected to be as important if not bigger than the North Sea fields, turning Newfoundland into Alberta East.

What happens to Conservative government in Newfoundland will depend in large part on the new leader to be chosen at a party convention March 17. (Moore will continue to sit in the house only until the next election.) Likely candidates are cabinet veterans Brian Peckford, new minister of mines and energy, or C. William Duddy, minister of industrial development. With another general election not mandatory until the fall of 1986, there is more than enough time for the new leader to take over the reins and, in all likelihood, go on to win another victory—following the example of Ontario where Tory leaders pride themselves on not leading their party into opposition.

Robert Faskin

Around the world in 80 delays

By Robert Lewis

Joe Clark affected a casual air at the start of his meeting last week with Shimon Peres, his opposite number in Jerusalem.

But as the Israeli opposition leader tossed off biblical allusions and seasoned readings on the Middle East, Clark showed visibly in his chair. Finally, after a note from his secretary, Peres broke from the room to make a speech in parliament. Clark stayed seated—used startling-sounding of an aside: "To be coming back."

The incident took place during a meeting attended by Canadian reporters at Peres' invitation, the only inside look at Clark in action during his 12-day "photo opportunity" around the globe. The image of the 58-year-old Alton, detailed on the world stage, was inescapable: Clark's asceticism and awkward performance symbolized his misdirected adventure through four world capitals which ended, mortally, last week as Clark was driven by Cadillac.

McTeer and Clark in street anger and sympathy, but his capacity is doubtful



And now for his next trick . . .

Joe Clark did not in the spacious, jam-packed auditorium of the Royal Jordanian jumbo jet, strapping a beer and wondering note as he waited out a 30-hour departure delay from Amman to New York. He was exhausted and looking forward to home as he reflected on the meaning of his 12-day world tour in an interview with Maclean's. Highlights:

[[I] believe a more true understanding of the reality of the countries where we get out into the country. Because there were so many things we were doing in Tokyo, we really didn't get beyond Tokyo. But I have some sense at the country, and some sense of Israel, some sense of Jordan. The great value in background.

We have more sophisticated kinds of problems. There are more fundamental. Our are certainly more capable of reaction than for example the tension in the Middle East. We are history by along the way to resolving our internal cultural differences relative to some international problems.

I had to bring together a party and focus on domestic issues, which is where the votes are. We're done pretty well there and now we have come time to turn attention to the paralytic government aspect of my responsibility. There will be a marginal

increase in attention to world affairs, but I expect to be preoccupied with the agenda of Parliament and an election campaign, in which foreign policy matters likely will play a major role. I anticipate now the problems at our early years in office at having their origins domestically.

Fundamentally I'm not anticipating major changes in the philosophy of Canadian foreign policy, the problem with the Liberal policy review was that they didn't do anything with it except in public relations words. The one solid initiative has been in relation to French-speaking countries. That is going to be important to maintain, because part of Canada's game plan is clearly going to be to try to secure status internationally that will strengthen the cause of independence. It is going to be very helpful to have a Canadian presence in the Francophone world.

Relations with the United States are now better than the state to which the Trudeau government reduced them. There have been some self-correction as there has with NATO. This is a helpful comment, but maybe the answer in the last two or three years is to really look things up and then down the line, we can say that things are better than they were.

I don't think negative press coverage will be significant. To a large degree, coverage that is important. The received that I am sure the substance of the visit will peak through any controversy about the baggage. I'm just as optimistic about the press as I am about the government.

Executive from Montreal to Ottawa, after faulty party planning caused him to miss a plane in New York. The voyage has been accepted to show that Clark is prepared to govern. Instead, it revealed that while he is eager and energetic, his capacity remains in doubt.

Throughout the trip, plagued by the customary misadventure of travel on international commercial carriers and hampered by poor scheduling, Clark resembled a fumbled "I see," he declared repeatedly as hosts corrected his elementary misunderstandings about their land. By last Tuesday, worn down by jet lag and growing anger, Clark, enigmatically, looked like a youthful Gerry Ford during a visit to Canadian troops on the Golan Heights. In turn, he sat smack through the front rank of an honour guard, bumped into a bulky aide in the commissary and walked into a door at the officer's mess.

Clark's accomplishments were more modest than even he extended as his first visits to Japan, India, Israel and Jordan. Back home, he got his name in the papers and his face on TV screens, he received sympathetic comments from

*Faskin, in contrast, had studied previous visits and interviewed 100 world leaders in Canada.

parents who didn't bother to actually cover the trip and he learned about growing winter illnesses in the Jordan Valley, met Harvard-trained PhDs in Amman, saw the flourishing coexisting base of Israelis and Muslims at the caudex of the Japanese business (for the first time he also saw the strategic importance for Israel of the West Bank and Golan Heights occupations). In the end, however, Clark came away with the conviction that the plans for a Canadian leader back at home (see box on page 28).

That assessment is not likely to dampen Clark's wandering eyes. In the polls "Canadians," as Pierre Trudeau once confessed privately, "aren't interested in the world." At a time of acute concern over inflation, the dollar and unemployment, most citizens probably find that having a great minister who is at ease in Tokyo and Toronto is a luxury. "Our priorities," says Clark, "will

be domestic in the short term. I doubt that there will be any diplomatic initiatives in the early years of our government. There is a pretty limited range that Canada can take."

Clark adopted the same standard for his voyage, billing it as a learning experience. "My voyage needs no building up," he told reporters in Tokyo. "I'm not going to win the election abroad." Foreign leaders, in fact, had been briefing him as he was in Jordan as well as in Israel. In Jordan one official, inspecting a much older visitor, spent 30 minutes asking Clark about his position in the Canadian hierarchy—as a minister that would have great leverage since the hosts kept referring to Clark as "your excellency" and "president." In Japan a government official, asked for an assessment of the Tory leader, looked bewildered, then replied, "It is Clark." On the plane back Clark did get to see the chief hotelier in every land he vis-

ited, although the stiff ceremony of the encounters proved less useful than his private chats with officials down the line. On the last night of the trip, Clark even stopped listening and, in the presence of a selected group of Jordanians, offered a live defense of Israel's "right to exist," producing 2000-year grumbles from Jordanians. Clark also scored a telling point with the Israelis, who complained repeatedly that he had spent more time in Israel (two days) than in Jordan. And knowing smiles, Clark remarked, "I'm not sure how much time you've spent in Canada." As if to confirm the point, two well-provided demonstrators at the dinner admitted to per-fecting one-day stops in Canada as part of visits to the United States—ans of them to Niagara Falls.

More substantially, the Jordanians are relieved that Canada is represented in Amman through the embassy in Beirut, Lebanon, although they have a wis-

domer, the Jordanians bid in a 15-car cavalcade for Clark's morning tour of the Jordan Valley across from the Israeli-occupied West Bank—and picked up the cost of hotel rooms.

In Israel, where the Clark party paid its own way, the state pulled out all the stops, starting with a moving tour of Yot Vashem, a haunting monument to the six million Jews slaughtered by the Nazis in the recent past. Clark was moved to assure that a Conservative government "would want to help directly or indirectly to ensure that Israel is not dangerously exposed" by the exit of Israeli aid, on which the country depended for half of its supply. What Clark apparently had in mind was increasing exports to the U.S., which has pledged to backstop the Israelis if they run short of oil.

The next evening proved unceremonious in a sign of Israel, giving the mix of people who joined the Clark party in

Parker and lawyer Ron Atkey, a candidate in the next election from Toronto-St. Paul's. Both ridings, as it happens, have significant Jewish votes and the Tories spent \$5000 hiring a professional photographer to snap Parker and Atkey in Israel.

The travelling party of 14 media newcomers who hopped aboard when Clark grabbed a 16-point lead in December's popularity polls being in just as tight. Frustrated by the lack of hot news, the reporters wanted to record Clark's every move—an exercise that produced much hilarity on the press bus and such outraged Clark from us: "You have a lot of rocks here" in the Jordan Valley; "Jerusalem is a very rich city" (after touring holy sites); and "It is quite awful to have been some place" by the time Clark was driven out of Jerusalem, his motorcade accidentally following a big yellow garbage truck, the mockery was intensified.

ity of 14 in the touring (population, 60,000) refugee camp of Saf's new Amman, Clark pulled his hand into a dark, dim room and required it to wear a white glove, although the job of solid blacks and others.

Without the good offices of the external affairs department, acting as intermediaries from Minister Don Jamieson, Clark's voyage of discovery would have been a complete nightmare. At each stop, affable Canadian diplomats set up his appointments, scrambled for lost luggage and generally killed Clark with their kindness.

Clark drifted on the globe. Clark seemed to retreat into a shell. On a hill over the Garden of Gethsemane in Jerusalem, Clark even managed to dodge the traditional Israeli crime ride. Informed that the driver was waiting, Clark told said "He'll wait longer than that. I'm not a casual rider." Ever, clearly, a man of the world. ☐

Clipping the wings of freedom

The actual case involves the politician's severed. And judge B.C. Supreme Court Justice P. Chipp Marston had been the first in the history of British Columbia to be declared a cartoonist.

On June 22, 1978, a bring premiere of provincial Human Resources Minister Bill Vander Zalm was printed in the evening *Kelowna Times* (circulation 21,000). Drawn by veteran cartoonist Robert Bell, it showed the former minister chair (now seated) in the middle of a ministerial picking wings off flies while giving

ministry. The *Times* refused to apologize for a defamatory trial in which Vander Zalm accused Bellman of depicting him as a narcissistic minister who enjoys torturing defunct politicians. The cartoon had sent, was a grotesque and unbecoming to public life. Bellman and Peter Edder Bellman Munkelack couldn't wait that, on the contrary, the drawing related to current politicians by Vander Zalm using young rakes today in Vancouver to return to their interests, when there is more opportunity for them. He suggested ministerial exemption from the city's bloodless welfare role.

Judge Marston's quick decision to award Vander Zalm \$3,500 plus costs (the *Times* is a newspaper) has outraged many of Canada's 35 full-time political cartoonists, including the Montreal Gazette's Terry Mosher (better known as Ashtu Mosher, a friend of Bellman's and veteran of the last, cold-war, "disgraceful president" in his depiction of a healthy and free society. And who predicting that most cartoonists will carry an outraged. Marston believes editors will be increasingly reluctant to publish their biting lampoons.

Another well-known West Coast cartoonist, Roy Peterson of the *Vancouver Sun*, poked this scowl at him. What if the judgment had come down a couple of years ago and Mosher was the prime minister of Canada and the Watergate thing had broken off? It would have been very easy for him to come out with satire against all the cartoonists in Canada. Would that have stopped other journalists from revealing Watergate? Peterson's point is clear: reasons for his judgment. Marston said cartoonists have, no special immunity from libel laws and that Marston was making a mistake in both as a liberal free expression and "Canadian's symbolically, allegorically or ironically." Dave Todd



Clark's reviewing keynote-making through: "You have a lot of rocks here." And, "It is quite awful to have been some place."

Clark reviewing keynote-making through: "You have a lot of rocks here." And, "It is quite awful to have been some place."

The giddiness and gaffes were rooted, essentially, in the unbridled ambition of the Clark orbiter. In his mad dash through 36 time zones, Clark left off more than he could exclude. The ruling court was a subtly cooked-out leader, seemingly stripped of any passion or conviction. As a composed housing a fan-

A kingmaker's dress rehearsal?

W prime ministerial duties in Ottawa last week and Jer Clark was trying to look prime ministerial in the mid-East (see page 28). Now leader Ed Broadbent looked off the next day, called sleepers campaign with a dress rehearsal swing through Saskatchewan and British Columbia. But, Broadbent pursued the paradoxical aim of trying to knock Trudeau out of power without getting Clark on stage. He attacked Trudeau for failing to develop an industrial strategy, but added that Clark "can't be taken seriously" on economic issues. On the national unity question, he accused Trudeau of viewing constitutional reform as a "game-all," but said Trudeau-like hyperbole to criticize Clark for equivocating on the question of post-referendum negotiations with Quebec.

The reason for Broadbent's unbridled involvement of his two opponents can be found in the latest Gallup poll, which showed the Liberals and Conservatives in a near dead heat. It is a situation tailor-made for the New Democrats, for without improving their own polled vote (they remain unattractive to 80 per cent of uncommitted voters) they add substantially to their present total of 27 seats in the House of Commons if the other two parties are deadlocked. That is what happened in 1972 when the NDP increased its standing to 31 seats (from 22 in 1968) without its popular vote went up less than one percentage point. Then in 1974 the NDP saw most of its gains wiped out, partly be-



Guyman Bell and Peterson, no immunity

Return of the unapprehended insurrectionists

Irrepressible Canada could be accused of suspending belief with more than coincidence explains the sudden rise of presumed Quebec terrorists from the dead that had seemed from one decade before. Only five weeks after the irrevocable return of Jacques and Louise Gosselin-Thudal to face trial for the kidnapping of British Admiral James Croze, two more suspected terrorists at the defunct Front de Libération du Québec came into the cold of a particularly numbing Canadian winter and the full grip of winter police. With the surrender of Jacques Lacombe—also charged with the Croze abduction—and that of suspected bomber Pierre Gosselin came the unsettling prospect of a successive of arrests and trials that would sharpen the country's old-fashioned conservatism. Many English Canadians wondered aloud whether the return of the QLT suspects might help René Lévesque and his Parti Québécois government to win a referendum. Yet, from reluctant Quebecers' loyalty, the trials will focus as much on the performance of the police, the federal government and the previous federalist provincial government as on the actions of the accused terrorists themselves. Lévesque and many other Quebecers argue that Pierre Mendel France Trudeau used the spectre of ap-

prehended insurrectionists to mobilize even pacific suburban in Québec by an unjustified suspension of civil liberties and an intimidating display of military force. Such claims may well gain credibility if Ottawa continues its refusal of to open its political records to the province's embryonic enquiry into the October Crisis.

Despite the political portrait of the multiple return from exile there was no denial of collusion among the ex-Québécois and the governing plotters. In fact, according to their lawyers and Canadian diplomatic sources, the revelations in exile have merely opened up sufficiently good speaking terms to facilitate trial alone (plus a few relatives). One Canadian official, who followed the peregrinations of one and two suspects, says the homecoming is neither new nor surprising. "They were very well treated by the Cuban government; they were given pocket money and eventually jobs. But exile is always difficult." For example, Gaston Gauthier, an ex-federal convicted of terrorist acts preceding the kidnapping crisis, exchanged his whereabouts for a Canadian passport in 1968 because he could not get along with other QLT members in Cuba. Another, Michel Beaudin, quit the stated fear of prison one year ago only to be murdered in Paris in what Canadian authorities believe to be a "killing of innocents." Debarred by the Cuban revolution, the Gosselin-Thudal moved to Paris in 1974 where, reportedly, they suffered death threats.

Bomb suspect Charlebois may be applied more than two years ago to come home to Canada, but until last week Cuban author-

ity refused to let her go. Wanted also by the U.S. for the 1969 slaying of two Quebecers, she allegedly fled to Cuba in 1969 from New York to Havana. Charlebois is then in Montreal pending a five Canadian's inquiry next month into a series of bombings 15 years ago.

Charlebois' court appearance, in the unlikely setting of a conference room near the grounds of Québec City's main law station, was followed the next day by that of the Gosselin-Thudal couple in a modern courtroom of Montreal's Palais de Justice. There they agreed to give a preliminary hearing and go directly to trial by jury.

Persistent but so far unsubstantiated rumors held that two more suspects in the Croze case may return before the Gosselin-Thudal trial starts sometime this spring. Also uncertain is the return of another principal character in the kidnapping case—James Croze himself. If Croze returns an extradition case defence counsel the court will be expected to listen to questions from the man whose abduction act it charges the kidnapping and killing of Pierre Laporte, the kidnapping of civil rights. The return of Croze, of Montreal now, says a legal specialist whose political speculations remain as obscure as the full story of 1970's nightmarish October.

David Thomas



How far Broadbent does the day-to-day, We're-death method need attention?

Issue leader David Lewis concentrated too much on the Conservatives in his campaign and he helped drive voters to the Liberals. It is no wonder Broadbent does not intend to make

If Broadbent succeeds, the prize will be the balance of power in a minority government. Some New Democrats, looking back on the 1972-73 minority period, now view the balance of power as a bloody prize, for it meant the sacrifice of principles. They would opt instead for another election once after the minority result, in the hopes of destroying one of the other two parties, namely the Liberals. But Broadbent says the times are too troubled for such partisan considerations and that he would try to make a minority government work, as did Lewis. "We have to have some stability since the election is over, both as the executive front and for the referendum in Québec," Broadbent told *Mirror* as he would approach the minority situation differently than did Lewis. "The day-to-day, life-or-death

method of running the last minority government requires alteration," said Broadbent, who is reluctant to elaborate beyond railing out MNP participation in the cabinet. But it is apparent he is considering an open agreement with either the Liberals or the Conservatives, with the MNP exchanging its support for a set period in return for the government's pledge to implement parts of the party program.

While major party would the MNP support is a minority situation? Broadbent does not rule out either, and says he would have to consider a "collage" of factors, including the number of seats held by each, their claim of the popular vote, and their willingness to adopt MNP policies. Says Broadbent: "We're giving the situation a lot of thought."

But that the MNP must win the balance of power in an election campaign. And last week's drawn rehearsal showed Broadbent still has some work to do. He has consciously tossed down the party's socialist image to fit the conservative times but, as is done, may have lost the face of such past MNP campaigns as the

use to 1972 against the so-called "temporary welfare band." In Saskatchewan last week, Broadbent also displayed a distressing lack of familiarity with local issues, openly admitting he knew little or nothing about wheat, freight rates and cattle. Whether this was a result of poor staff work in advance of the trip, laxness on Broadbent's part or just a streak of honesty, it was not good politics. But Broadbent has had other, his poor answering in the news with his scraggy manner, which contrasts neatly with Trudeau's aloofness and Clark's stiffness. During the campaign proper, he will also be assisted by the use of a characterful yet not a heavy television advertising campaign, both available to the MNP for the first time as a result of the new election financing legislation. Promises Broadbent: "We're going to fight the strongest campaign ever in our history."

Jim Linghart

Ontario

Power to the people—at what price?

Every time the lights go on, the price goes up. Canadiana grumbles, but accepts. Power rates are set by provincially regulated, publicly-owned utilities. They are on the consumers' side, and if they aren't, the regulator will hold them in check. But this week, in a walnut-paneled hearing room in downtown Toronto, this clearing myth will be blown to smithereens by two American experts, Charles J. Cicchetti, chairman of the Wisconsin Public Utilities Board, and Jon Paul Anton, senior economist at the Rand Corporation.

Cicchetti and Anton are being brought to Canada by the National Anti-Poverty Organization which is intervening in proceedings before the advisory Ontario Energy Board. The case is reviewing plans to reform Ontario Hydro's rate structure, to make it fairer. NAO contends the proposals are neither new nor fair, and has hired experts to say so. They will, with a vengeance. Copies of their statements have been filed with the board, and obtained by *Mirror*'s.

Cicchetti will say that Ontario rates are too high, in part because of massive overcapacity. While Hydro is still badly overbuilt, that warns of power shortages in early next year. Its current overcapacity is, in fact, 3,360 megawatts—20 times Ontario's power production from Niagara Falls. Cicchetti will say that excess is bound to continue



They all claim to be former FLQ members back from exile

for a decade, and cost Ontario's \$1.8 billion. He will call Hydro's pricing "inefficient," its attitude "arrogant" and its approach "irresponsible."

"Hydro wants to want to adopt as a goal, 'What we decide will be,'" says Ciochetti. Among the things Hydro has decided is to rely on nuclear energy, which he says is "foolish," and to set its prices around the need to finance the nuclear plants, which the American says "invites economic chaos." Ciochetti will also note that "Ontario Hydro's rates are structured in such a way as to provide a \$20- to \$50-million annual sub-

sidy to large users by all other users." That point will be elaborated on by Acton, who will say that the proposal now before the state will have ordinary consumers subsidizing larger corporations by nearly \$48 million a year. Hydro has two rates for users—a "block" rate for 100 large corporations such as Deere and IBM, who are fed directly off the power grid, and a higher rate for municipalities, who pass it on to consumers. An exhibit already before the court shows that if a private citizen left a 100-watt lightbulb on for a year he would pay \$52.56 for the power, while a

large user would pay only \$15.90.

What is embarrassing about Acton's study is that it parallels what Hydro's own experts said three years ago. In 1974, then-energy minister Dennis Timbrell requested an Electrical Costing and Pricing Study (ECAPS) which reported in 1976, suggesting a new structure based on "marginal cost pricing" as used in many American utilities. Marginal cost pricing sets rates based on the extra cost to produce new power instead of rewarding heavy users by declining block pricing. The effect of ECAPS would have been to raise rates to

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Hugh MacLennan: an encouraged situation

the corporations while cutting them for everyone else.

That proposal was forwarded to the OGS without comment by Hydro, and hearings on it have been under way since mid-1977. Then suddenly, last December, Hydro senior management repudiated ECAPS—which had been produced by middle management—and proclaimed a new proposal. Under it, the status quo would be maintained until 1980, and then 20%—instead of 100%—direct users would get a special price rate. The effect would be to raise the subsidy from poor to rich from \$30 million to a figure Acton puts at \$47.6 million a year.

Acton will be cross-examined by, among others, Robert MacLennan, who is counsel for the association of major power users, a former energy minister and brother to Hugh MacLennan, the co-politician slant to increase Hydro's share in July. If MacLennan has trouble with Ciochetti and Acton, he can take some comfort in the knowledge that it doesn't matter what the OGS eventually says, anyway. Despite the myth, Hydro sets its own rates and decides its own policies. ♦

World News

More guns—and hold the butter

The official description of it was "lean and austere," but that was a gross understatement compared with some of the things Americans—particularly the ones on whom he will most depend for re-election in 1980—are saying this week about President Jimmy Carter's new budget. His per-capita hit to the nation's belt covered pretty well everything except defense spending. The poor, blacks especially, were marked down as the worst sufferers from cuts in government-sponsored jobs, training programs and welfare benefits. "The real Mr. Carter is standing up at last," said a prominent Washington labor leader. "Like his predecessors he goes for guns over butter."

As always with the world's largest capitalist economy the figures were maddening. The budget provided for total federal spending in 1980 of \$252 billion—more than half a trillion dollars—an increase of \$36 billion or 17 per cent over 1979. Income for 1980 was expected to total \$263 billion, leaving Carter with a deficit of \$39 billion and allowing him to reach his much-heralded goal of shrinking America's imbalance to below the \$50 billion mark.

The most striking cut was that for defense. In 1980, the US will probably



Carter: the most significant byproduct of the belt-tightening could be a split

spend \$25.8 billion compared to the \$16.2 billion that was actually spent in 1978. The new figure will more than keep up with the pace of inflation, while other programs will lag. In the education sector, for instance, the budget figure was \$26.2 billion, only \$3.7 billion or about eight per cent higher this last year and in reality a cut of at least two per cent.

That sort of tight-fistedness made difficult reading in Canada, too. While Canadian trade experts were unwilling to cry too loudly too soon, there were clearly lessons to eat against any possible gains. Traditionally, the departments of defense and, indirectly, immigration are the big spenders on Canadian goods and services. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) and the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) rank next in importance. So, while the defense increases were good news—the Pentagon spent about \$750 million in Canada last year—the other cuts were not.

The spending program will dominate congressional affairs for most of this year as the politicians tangle for changes that will bring more funds for their special circumstances. But the most significant byproduct of the president's belt-tightening seemed likely to be a split in his own Democratic Party. In hitting at the major private bloc who got him in power—the blacks, labor unions, big-city dwellers and the liberal-leaning coalition which represents them—the president seemed to have provided his two most powerful rivals within the party—Governor Jerry Brown of California and Senator Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts—with near-perfect launch pads at the party convention next year. Carter took the risk, he said, because



Tallest ship and (right) black room underwrite for the rich, burning the poor?



a policy of restraint was "imperative if we are to overcome the threat of accelerated inflation." By dabbling on the better medicine men, he was saving Americans from debilitating economic illness in the early 1980s. The unanswered question was would the voters believe him?

Power brokers with the influence and authority of Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine were quick to point out that the administration's austerity measures could only reduce inflation by half a percentage point at most, while prices rose by nearly 10 per cent last year and are forecast to go up anywhere from

seven to nine per cent in the next 12 months.

In the vanguard of the anti-budget movement, United Auto Workers President Douglas Fraser was mobbing his newly-formed "Progressive Alliance" to fight the phasing out of the government-backed schools, now enjoying or trying to enjoy the would-be voters never had a job in today's market. "We ask ourselves what sacrifices General Motors has made in the new era of austerity," he said recently.

Kennedy, who looked like painting the

dragon, said most Americans would support spending cutbacks but only if they were cost-effective. The president's new budget gave tax breaks to the rich while "burning" the poor, he said.

More biting criticism came from Vernon Jordan, one of America's most influential black leaders. "The confidence of black Americans hangs on disaster," he said. "More than 50 per cent of black two-agers are unemployed, with no prospect of work." The aid was another blind guess, so badly that 76-year old Nelson Crutcher, the president's adviser on the aged, threatened to quit.

The budget is detailed in a library of grant-based measure volumes, packed with charts and tables, facts and figures. What they tell about is the cost of every tax dollar, 20 cents are headed for direct benefit payments to individuals, 24 cents for defence, 30 for grants to states and localities, 10 for other federal operations and nine cents for interest payments.

Nearly a quarter of every dollar, therefore, is going on defence. The costs there are staggering. One item alone, an eighth Trident submarine, is to be built for an estimated \$4.7 billion. It could be the largest item on any such shopping list in history.

Carters' rationale for that was the need to "strengthen our NATO forces and maintain the strategic balance." But the secret on defence also amounts to a total short-draw. Before he came to power, he promised to cut defence spending and increase social services. He has overhauled homes as a result of the Pentagon's assessments of Soviet strength and the CIA's perception of the need to deter the Kremlin's expansion. The question is whether he can sell this "guns before butter" approach successfully.

William Lowther

Too many crooks spoil the broth

I was as though the image of parliament for a district court had overflowed into Capitol Hill. As the United States new political season got under way last week with the session of the 96th Congress, one congressman was charged with driving another was identified last week's industry, a third—already convicted of taking kickbacks—was struggling to stay in office. The Senate's membership was preparing to try one member for greed abuse of authority.

It is traditional, of course, for congressmen to celebrate after their first day back at work. And so it was with Michael Myers, 35, a Democrat and hobby farmer long-haired, was at a post-inauguration party at a suburban hotel and a security guard got in the way. The guard was punched and so was a pretty 19-year-old waitress who had to help her. Later, Myers had charged with two counts of assault.

If Myers is convicted, the worst he can expect from his colleagues is a glare or disapproval. Congressmen Charles Diggs of Detroit, another Democrat, and one of the most outspoken black politicians on the national scene, as trying to fight off a three-year jail sentence for real fraud and taking every kickback from his steel company to nearly \$600,000. The charges were from the business he runs on the side, the House of Diggs (steel house in Detroit).

Diggs, 55, is best known for his statements about the South African and Rhodesian regimes and was the chairman of a House subcommittee on Africa as a platform. He may now lose it if his report fails. A band of 39 Progressive Committee congressmen are trying to have him banned because of his criminal conviction. But he still turned up last Monday to be sworn in and was able to rally enough Democratic support to thwart a Republican move to bar him.

No one is keeping a close eye on the



Food: straight from the pages of Dickens



Tamagoy: a 'Yip' by ethics committee

progress of the Diggs case than Pennsylvania Congressman Daniel Flood, another Democrat. Flood, 35, might have slipped straight into the pages of Charles Dickens. His mouthache, heavily waxed and dressed up like an upper lip like a butterfly's

admirer. A former Shikappa member, he looked like an individual of the kind movie and shows up on Capitol Hill in velvet suits and flowing capes.

Last week he was, in fact, more modest as he sat in Room 211 of the Federal District Court building (home of a 2000-2001 conspiracy and bribery which could put him out of office. It is alleged that he took more than \$200,000 from people seeking government favors. The last time he was charged was in 1982, but it was dropped because he was not found guilty.

Meanwhile, in the Senate, the justice system, all on Human Trafficking, the 85-year-old, bald, elderly senator from Georgia for the first time almost two decades the Senate Ethics Committee will conduct what amounts to a trial of one of its members and could expect Tamagoy if it is found guilty. There are his major charges against him—four of them violations of the law, one is a violation of Senate rules. They range from long-term absence without pay to using campaign donations for personal use to allegedly receiving bribes.

Last week, however, he had been ousted from the new Congress by the Senate's ethics committee. Governor Ray Blanton who has been re-elected in a primary election on charges that he had been using public money to pay for his private expenses and to pay for his family's expenses. Last week a defunct Blanton granted executive clemency to no fewer than 52 convicted felons, 24 of them white. One man who had pumped 10 bullets into his wife and her son.

They heard of the son of one of them, a closet friend. Three days before his term was to end, Blanton was hauled out of office by a U.S. federal grand jury and a three-judge federal court judge was wrestling with the problem of whether he was clemency could be overturned.

Catherine Fox

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Iran

The storm before the calm?

As I dreamed" was known as a shock. Throughout the country the shocked reaction to the new law, week. The Shah had kissed the ground, climbed onto the pylon's seat and headed his private jet toward Egypt. The months of demonstrating, rioting and burning appeared to have succeeded after all. But on the same week, with a murder spree by the departed ruler's troops leaving up to 100 dead in the old cities of Dehli and Ahava, events appeared to have set the initial response of the ruled, and the Shah's departure, Ayatollah Khomeini—it was "only a first step."

Certainly the prime minister the Shah left behind, Shapour Bakhtiar, seemed unable to make progress in face of the Ayatollah's demands, partly because he was well-disposed by the need to organize relief for northeastern Iran, struck by an earthquake that killed 100 people. But whatever the case, as week's end his cabinet was 20 members smaller through resignations than at the start.

As for the Ayatollah, he punctuated news of his impending return to Iran with announcements that he was creat-

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Reformers in the streets: The Shah's departure was only a first step

ing a "provisional government" to shape a forthcoming Islamic republic. But while running free elections at home—the so-called democrats in Pridmore's massive "refugees in the streets" to be particularly careful to pressure law and order—he rejected President Jimmy Carter's request that the Shah's government be given time to govern itself.

The Shah, meanwhile, was expected to settle into an uneasy but luxury-wrapped exile in the United States this week after a final mission of Middle East nations to garner support. His first mission was to his native land—behind him, he was scheduled to travel from his first place of refuge, Egypt, to see Morocco's King Hassan and at least to communicate with King Faisal of Saudi Arabia before flying to the U.S. He certainly needed all the political clout he could muster. The indications were that Washington had already given him up as a lost endeavor. President Carter and his advisers were said to believe there was no place left for the man who, despite the reality of his exile, remained for the moment his country's head of state.

Once in the U.S., the Shah and Queen Farah were expected quickly to head for the massive land-secrete estate of multi-millionaire publisher Walter Annenberg in Palm Springs, California. Annenberg, a former ambassador to Britain, also gave refuge to former president Richard Nixon after Watergate and the Iranian royal family may well take a leaf from the Nixon book, keep a low profile for some months.

As for the future, notes presented at a problem report in The Washington

Post last week, put his wealth at \$30 billion, a sum beyond most people's imagination. But security was a different matter. The U.S. government was expected to provide protection while the Shah remained, presumably, until the end of state. But if his country dissolved him, the Shah was thought to be planning to turn his current bodyguard (20 men) into a small army by recruiting from his palace guard. That could lead to embarrassment. It would seem poor taste, to say the least, for a deposed monarch to set up like a rebel-war lord in California.

Prime Minister James Callaghan was left watching in disbelief frustration as the truckers drove recklessly through his five-per-cent pay policy. They are demanding 22 per cent on a base rate of around \$726 a week and reinforcing their strike action with grimly effective picketing which as well has virtually halted Britain's export trade at the docks.

Callaghan tried with declaring a state of emergency and calling out the army, but instead presented a reality-check package which included tougher price controls and reduced wages even for the lowest paid workers. Gladly anyone expected it to dent the determination of those Union, the tough Welshmen who head the TGWU, or the army of discontented workers waiting in the wings to challenge the Labor government over pay in these last lame-duck months, before the election, which must be held no later than October.

Striking water and sewage workers in northern England have already cut off thousands of homes, allowing water mains to burst in 32 degrees Celsius weather and forcing housewives to rush across to flush their lavatories. A similar national riot by garbage collectors, ambulance crews and other public service workers was imminent and the truckers' strike was compounded by a head-on drivers' stoppage which halted all trains for two days last week.

There have been ugly scenes in protest here. Shops were fired at in under cover of darkness. In Aberdeen, a picketer was killed by a truck moving supplies of oil to a Barrhead refinery.

Extra (right) and empty supermarket racks: A heightened grip on the country's arteries



800 screaming women rushed a picket line of 15 heavy truck drivers with umbrellas, bags and buses. Gagged one requested picketer. They even hit his legs.

But the strike goes on and more and more it looks as if Callaghan missed the electoral boat when he chose not to hold elections last autumn. He and his ministers have been seeing a damaging complacency while the latest Callaghan puts the Tories 7½ points ahead in mid-November. Labor had a five-per-cent lead and most observers now think a Tory election victory inevitable. The only question is whether Margaret Thatcher's denate rightwing views, exposed by some senior members of her own party, will make it a narrow rather than a whacking majority. Thatcher has promised the Tories will shift the balance of bargaining power away from unions to employers. But the irony of last week's strikes was that the unions, dread that prospect as they must, still seem half-heart on putting her in Downing Street.

Carol Kennedy



Great Britain

'They even hit below the belt'

The water at London's elegant Gaiety Club were an air of pained disapproval. "Potter crab is off the menu, art," he informed a dinner party. "On account of the strike, you know." That was about the only amusing sight last week as one of the roughest and most damaging strikes Britain has endured in recent years as 40,000 truck drivers, members of the giant Transport and General Workers' Union (TGWU) tightened their grip on the country's commercial and industrial arteries.

Stocks of some foods began running out in stores and supermarkets—some large food chains said 40 per cent of its supplies had been halted. Laundry, now sold into an interim—with 600,000 jobs at risk in the food industry alone—

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Social conscience and the Cross

Every Sunday at 11 a.m. the bleached and worn cathedral in Queretaro rings to the sound of trumpets and guitars while a tall old man in vestments follows the side to the altar. Sergio Mendez Arceo, the city's bishop for the last 27 years, celebrates the mass and preaches, uncompromisingly, against the sinfulness and exploitation that, he says, accompany capitalism in Latin America.

Mendez Arceo considers the cati-

Mendez Arceo (right) and Mexican symbols of piety are the old statue (background)



nost in his diocese. His travels have taken him to Chile in order with the late Salvador Allende in 1972 and to Cuba last February to meet Fidel Castro. While in Cuba, and later in a room at home, Mendez Arceo talked about the proximity of a "dialogue" between Christians and Marxists. Many of his fellow Mexican and Latin American bishops consider him to be a dangerous man who would deliver the church to communism.

When Pope John Paul II opens the working session of the third general Latin American bishops' conference (CELAM) in the Mexican City of Puebla next week, he will almost certainly open the floodgates of a discussion by the 280 delegates about the problems being taken by Mendez Arceo and a minority of so-called "red" bishops from Brazil, Peru, Chile and Nicaragua: that the old

idea of personal, Christian piety are inadequate.

In developing their concept of "social sin" they have come to identify the major problem in Latin America not as the threat of communism, but the poverty in which one-third of the continent's people exist on a per capita income of \$75 a year or less. They also are speaking out against the arbitrary regimes and their doctrine of "national security," which, say the red bishops, is used to justify abuses on the pretext of defending their existence against the Communist menace.

The activities of the red bishops have their origin at the previous conference, in 1968, in Medellin, Colombia. The Latin American bishops, representing just under one-half of the world's 200 million Catholics, officially embraced upon a decade of what has come to be

called "liberation theology."

But while some bishops took the "progressive" road, their more conservative colleagues watched the new developments with growing dismay and they have been preparing a counterattack at Puebla. The Pope's visit is widely expected to help their cause. When he will sit out at elbow to elbow with the bishops during their deliberations, he will see the face of the conference in an address in Mexico City on Saturday. And the Mexican newspaper *El Sol* has reported that his speech will condemn the use of violence and revolution to obtain liberation, and the involvement of priests in politics.

While the authorities have been feverishly preparing the papacy of the Pope's visit, therefore, bishops maneuvering has been going on behind the scenes. Although the official public relations office, the "progressives" have organized a press service of their own to publicize human rights violations, the activities of multinational corporations and the opinions of supporters in many countries, Canada among them.

Individually, however, they are maintaining a low profile. Even Sergio Mendez Arceo, usually an outspoken man, has stopped giving interviews in recent weeks, though he did tell *Mundo* last's that while he is not a Marxist, "I can't close my eyes to the fruits of socialism." That view is widespread. Indeed, whether the Puebla conference heads the Pope's view or not, it is unlikely that "liberation" theology will be stopped at the grassroots.

Pedro Bermeo Lemus, a Dutch priest working in the slums in Queretaro, says while the city boasts about its thousands of restaurants, many of his parishioners can't get fresh water. "We must have a commitment with these people," he says, "and make with them a political commitment for changing this situation." Brenda Greenwald

Greenland

Home rule under the midnight sun

Given a bone-chilling Arctic blizzard it could not keep them away. The Danes for social change in Greenland had grown so strong that given a chance for more control of their lives, a referendum on home rule—over half the eligible voters favored their way to the polls to regular an overbearing "Yes." But while the fireworks and rockets were lifted, he was when the more than 240-1 majority was announced last week, Greenlanders could

not forget the difficult challenge ahead. Under home rule, which begins in May, Denmark will retain control of Greenland's foreign affairs and defense, and will continue to send financial support. But the islanders, a mix of Inuit, Dutch and Scandinavian blood, will decide how to spend the money. Greenland (an Inuit-based tongue) will become the official first language with Danish as the second, and after April elections select a four-man administration and 21-seat local legislature, every activities and responsibility will be taken over from Copenhagen's Greenland ministry.

The 68,000 residents of the mountainous, sea-walled island (13% times the size of Quebec) would not even crowd most football stadiums, but the weight of their social and economic problems will be a prodigious burden for the new government. First colonized by the Danes in 1721, the island was left in isolation for two centuries in order to safeguard Inuit culture. But in 1958, in a fit of conscience at their neglect, the Danes made it a province and poured in teachers, skilled workers and money. Great strides have been made in health, education and public services, but the speed of technological development has "alienated the Greenlanders and made him feel superior in a society run by Danish experts," as one social worker put it.

There were other, even less beneficial innovations. The islanders, who climbed led to a rapid spread of venereal disease, soaked up one-third of the island's disposable income and has earned such havoc that it will be raised in May. Systematic moves from small villages to large towns have caused a housing shortage and have weakened family ties. The suicide rate is among the highest rate in the world.

At least one of the clues to that statistic lies in the lack of work. The only profit-making industry is the Black Angel lead-zinc mine controlled by Canada's Cominco, and about one-third of all islanders live by rod and baited fishing, described by officials as little more than "occupational therapy" since the industry lost \$15 million in 1977.

Danes are the first to admit that the modernization program went wrong. "The Greenlanders should have been given a slow process of adaptation to nightshift and statistics, rather than to technology. But we did not listen," wrote politicians Hans Joergen Lundeboe. Nevertheless, many Greenlanders accept their problems philosophically as the price of a development. "From the Stone Age," with home rule, "for the first time, we'll have a chance to solve the problem," he said with some consolation. "They will be our problems."

Michael Charvot

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Know, only for her militancy on the anti-buffalo-on-a-spit, gastrichitis. **Shen Jones Kozhowski** was neither flattered nor disturbed to discover that on Jan. 22 she'll be the first woman in the 25-year history of the Hamilton Press Briff Sports Night to address the dinner guests. "Nobody told me I was the first woman," said Jones Kozhowski, who, ironically, missed the Toronto presentation of her two female athletes-of-the-year awards last week because "Nobody told me an invitation." Joining Jones Kozhowski at the Press Briff head table will be New York Yankees outfielder **Lou Piniella**, former Oakland Raider quarterback **George Blanda**, winning Canada's Cup skipper **Don Grant**, auto racer **Janet Guthrie** and University of Arkansas football coach **Lou Holtz**. Obviously not overwhelmed by the prospect of speaking to a predominantly male audience, Jones Kozhowski said: "I can be a real motor-mouth when I get going. But somehow, I always know when to shut up."

Eighteen months before she set sail on her world record-setting solo circumnavigation of the globe (September, 1977 to June, 1978) **Britania's Naomi James** earned her sea legs by swabbing decks and washing bottles for her skipper-boyfriend, **Robert James**, an ice-cream boat tour. It was good experience, but Naomi will never play second mate.

Leavis: a certain animal instinct for music



Jones Kozhowski's militant on the field

again. In June, 1980, she plans to sail from Plymouth, England, to Newport, R.I., in a transatlantic race against more than 100 other sailors—one of whom is her husband. Although Naomi spends most of her time on the lecture circuit these days, presenting her semi-to-be-published book, *At One With The Sea*, she's also keeping an eye peeled for a sponsor willing to pay \$200,000 to buy and ready her boat for the race. "It will be terrific fun sailing against Robert," said Naomi, while in Toronto for the International Boat Show. "He wants to beat me. Of course, I want to beat him."

While most people fear getting into a rut, Vancouver's **Paul Fanzell** has learned to break them with a certain equanimity. Understandable, considering that Fanzell, 42, recently completed a 25,000-mile motor trip from Vancouver to Titirica del Pucro by motorcycle. Averaging 80 miles a day on his 800-cv bike, Fanzell cut his way through Amazonian jungle in South America's land's end, completing the first stage of his dream: to go as close as possible to the south and north poles, by road. Naturally, there wasn't much time for sightseeing. "Some people watch a waterfall for 20 minutes," said Fanzell. "A glunge is all I need." His next jaunt, scheduled to start March 15, is to hike to Tuktoyaktuk in the Northwest Territories, although he admits "I'm not trying to ride to the north pole. I could never find it."

Although accustomed to the sight of resident maestro **Arpad Joo**, the 25 members of the Calgary Philharmonic didn't miss a beat last week when they found themselves under the stick of guest conductor (and established puppeteer) **Lambert and Grady**. While the puppets were manually informed by their master and master, comethena/vocalists **Shen Jones**. This month's show is a certain animal instinct for the repertoire. Lambert and Grady delivered a saucy rendition of Chopin's "Mazurka" while Grady bared up adorably through the *William Tell* Sencer-Sunder Lake Philharmonic. As part of the Philharmonic's *The Master Pop Series*, Lewis and friends were a bit bit with the family-oriented audience. But kidding aside, Lewis does take her conducting seriously. A student of music since she was 10, she still recalls the advice given by her first conducting coach: "Don't worry. The orchestra won't follow you anyway."

Edited by Jane O'Hara

Looking forward in anger

A French firm of \$2,000 a day in disrepair, conventional requirements flowing from Quebec's 1974 law that sets out tough language rules for business. With rampant confusion about implementation remaining at work's end 68 Quebec firms had yet to comply with the required certification process. While most are medium-sized construction firms, the resistance enterprises included the Royal Bank of Canada, the Provincial Bank of Canada and La Presse, whose adjuvant publisher, Roger Lemay, wants the daily newspaper should be immediately certified as French-speaking without going through the motions of proving it. In contrast, 377 of the 688 companies for whom the application deadline has passed were issued provincial "trans-

action" certificates with 47 other applications under consideration. By the end of 1980, businesses with more than 50 workers must hold a permanent certificate that approves its program making French the language of work.

The provincial justice department, *Ministère de la Justice*, has learned, last week was preparing to prosecute the first batch of businesses suspected of contravening the 1974 language charter. These retail stores, after allegedly refusing to remove English-language signs from their windows, were recommended for prosecution—and fines of up to \$1,000—by the linguistic enforcement agency, the *Commission de Surveillance de la Langue Française*. But business dissent isn't the sole problem. The commission



office de la langue française

higher is the stock owner than also houses the Montreal Stock Exchange, a spokeswoman for the commission said back signs are legal until the end of 1986. Other Provincial Regulator Gosselin, himself unable to sort out the conflicting advice, mailed to a member of his legal staff who said the other two interpretations were both right and wrong.

The outraged English Canada *Stemsky* Lewis says, apparently, is less, while the bilingual Provincial Bank placards are not.

There is also clashing discord over the refusal by the 38 federal Crown corporations operating in Quebec to conform. The commission says they must obtain a francophone certificate, but the office, which asserts the certificate, sends the challenge by simply not including them as its list. "I have no intention of jumping into a legal fight," says Gosselin. "These corporations have taken the position that the federal language law applies to them and, in practical terms, they are already doing a very good job of francization."

Apart from the federal Crown corporations, among the most formidable hurdles are banks headquartered in Montreal. The Royal Bank of Canada has formed an internal committee to study the use of French and is actively negotiating with the office. The Bank of Montreal has applied for a certificate for its Quebec operations but not for its head office. The most embarrassing resistance came from Provincial Bank

President Michel Bélanger, who refused to invade the frontiers of his duties required by businessmen with more than 100 employees, denouncing a certificate without a notary by making the administrators of the bank's employee pension fund the nominal language of the subject. It's a solution, Bélanger concedes, that's a way for both to save face. La Presse is also basking toward a compromise.

Business executives still at odds with the law, however, do recognize Gosselin's efforts to find the just-middle. Says Royal Bank Chief Executive Officer Rowland Fraser: "We're working at a mutually agreed pace." Still, as Gosselin insists: "The timing and methods are negotiable, but the objectives of the law are not."

David Thomas

From the trenches to the branches

The date: August 6, 1977. The place: St. Roch, near Brownsville. The show: *Down Memory Lane*. The tape recorder rolls with the roiling sounds of Tebaskan's 1972 *Overture* followed by Lynne Warkling's *The Best of Me*, and then the inimitable Charbonneau Brothers, Edward R. Murrow's stirring reportage on the fall of France and, at closing, the regimental march of the Gaiters and York Regiments for the old events at their annual reunion. It was a private affair, with only a few guests, and the more so since it was by their singer, Rowland Fraser, who had come home to the town where he was raised back among the stars he had led.

Fraser had prepared the nine-minute tear-jerking sound show himself along with a speech based in extracts from a long-forgotten regimental diary stashed away in the Public Archives in Ottawa. Then president of the Royal Bank of Canada, Fraser was on his way to becoming, as he did last December, its chief executive officer (CEO), replacing the days of the financial community. W. Earle McLaughlin as the chief spokesman for Canada's largest bank and the third largest in the West was slating proudly as he closed that "treasures and basking in the sun" were not his government's style. Only Canadian Pacific Ltd. Chairman Ian Sinclair seemed the least bit infected last week as he tentatively withdrew Canadian Pacific Investments Ltd.'s \$50-million bid for control of MacBlow Canada's largest forest products company. By standing down, he brought to a close a month of offers and counter offers beginning when Sinclair first went to call on MacBlow, coming along with interest in the bank's bid to acquire the company.

"The ultimate responsibility for the bank," says Fraser, as if the words are spoken in capital letters, "is now in my hands." After joining the bank in 1966, spending the '60s at war and woe, and rejoining the bank and working in five



Fraser's Fraser: the ultimate responsibility

positions, the hands are ready. They have shovelled snow outside the branches, posted ledgers, travelled on inspection, studied files—all the dutiful droopiness of a man clambering up. Today, steering the bank's worldwide operations from a modest third-floor office in Montreal's Place Ville Marie, he counts his car ride as three slender trees: strategic planning, management confidence, external relations. A six-member internal task force looking about eight years will soon present recommendations for approval by Fraser.

MacBlown in the wind

McMillan Blawie Ltd. President Calvin Braden was pleased and Brian Coleman President John Stewart was slating proudly as he closed that "treasures and basking in the sun" were not his government's style. Only Canadian Pacific Ltd. Chairman Ian Sinclair seemed the least bit infected last week as he tentatively withdrew Canadian Pacific Investments Ltd.'s \$50-million bid for control of MacBlow Canada's largest forest products company. By standing down, he brought to a close a month of offers and counter offers beginning when Sinclair first went to call on MacBlow, coming along with interest in the bank's bid to acquire the company.

and the 48-member board of directors—decisions that will differentiate his stay as CEO from his predecessor. "A pretty dynamic person," Fraser says of McLaughlin. "Every once in a while he came out with some little gem...one in a while gems that he could have missed without me. It was a little bit of me to be a damn good banker. I just have to prove myself in that area. I don't think I automatically inherit this. I think you have to earn it."

He will be trying to earn it in a world away from Fraser from the days when bankers did business as if breathing a fever. It's a world where change is certain, prediction change. Women in management, status on the banking floor, wider community representation in the boardroom and more behind-the-scenes activities are some of the trends he knows he will have to weave together with the self-confidence he learned early by commanding a regiment while still in his 20s. "I'm not afraid to take a decision and the responsibility for it. But, with the self-deprecating wisdom of my 57 years, he adds, "I prefer not to make mistakes, but I know I'm going to make some, because I've made them before."

Part of his new direction will be to bypass simply being a banker. For Fraser, who followed a father and led a son into banking, his job is a calling. He knows people hearing his speeches will attach the weight of his position to the breadth of his words. Nothing can be half-baked, everything must be fully thought. Anyone who wonders if he has the banker's instinct to replace McLaughlin may want to wait a while for some numbers. But meanwhile, anyone who thinks he hasn't got the job done just talk to some of these old sweat-soaked men.

Harold McQueen

company allowed a carefully worded on press release, much of it in a casual, springy dialect: "We offer will not be made at this time." The announcement followed three on-board meetings over two weeks that considered all the alternatives, even the decision to sell. "But we accepted the plan of the company," said Sinclair. "What the premier of the province feels is something not acceptable to his government. I think every company has to pay heed." Even with a tentative withdrawal, Fraser says the game isn't over yet. MacBlow owns the 18-year-old company of about 100 employees in Vancouver. It's a take-over of Sinclair's last possible. MacBlow could also be the trunk to Dorner or better if it can in return for 20 to 25 percent holding a MacBlow. After nearly two months of close playing, Big John Sinclair may go to use those offers after all.

Leo Brown

Having the prime of his life

He moves slowly, as a man of 69 might, but it is not the immobility



Photo: J. Gosselin

of old age or the fatigue of flagging will. Rather, it is a man of 69, a judicious use of the valuable energy needed for the 40-hour days spent in his office, where manila folders are mounded on every possible surface and orderly people are picking their hands skyward. Percy Finlay was a mere strapping 11 when Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Ltd. began production in 1913. During the remarkable 1930s, Ontario, now's peak years there were 3,500 miners before the ore ran out in 1968, after \$600 million in gold had been mined up and carried away at \$30.67 an ounce—about today's value. After a lifetime of law and consulting, the last 16 years in vice-president and treasurer of Hollinger's parent, Hollinger North Shore Exploration Co. Ltd. Finlay is now chairman of both subsidiaries, landlords to the Iron Ore Co. of Canada (IOC), formed in 1949 to move iron ore to the U.S. steel companies. Hollinger's 1231-acre interest in the last year brought in \$25 million (before it is spent).

The move is grating, evoking the second of two cars running from the way that have played such a part in his life. He is on the telephone to his wife after his election by the board. "Well, dear," he says, "it's all over." Not life or the life's work, mind you, just the car. The plan had been shaken from the tree by younger hands. 39-year-old Conrad Black, whose Arpa Corp. increased its grip on Hollinger last year from 30 percent to 35.2 percent ownership.

Finlay and his son Dr. Co. vice president Peter Finlay, Osh. a contract for Peter Finlay

The fact that Finlay replaced a 65-year-old, A.L. Finlay Jr., has, naturally, not gone unnoticed. "Our guys couldn't believe it," said one involved officer. "There's Conrad, the Young Turk, getting Nelson Duns [at 72, the new Arpa chairman], then Percy Finlay. It's a little bit ironic." It's an irony not lost on Finlay. "I asked the board," he says, "for a 30-year renewable contract—like Pete Rae."

Hollinger has for decades fed Finlay's hand, particularly during the 1940s, when he was offering in 1941 that would pay the way for Hollinger's later involvement in iron ore. Today, Hollinger holds 60.76 per cent of Labrador Mining and Exploration Co. Ltd. and 60 per cent of Hollinger North Shore Exploration Co. Ltd. Finlay is now chairman of both subsidiaries, landlords to the Iron Ore Co. of Canada (IOC), formed in 1949 to move iron ore to the U.S. steel companies. Hollinger's 1231-acre interest in the last year brought in \$25 million (before it is spent).

Hollinger will feel Finlay's hand for a while yet, for he lends at the suggestion his appointment is stop-gap. Behind the glass, he has given him the least amount of reputation. "A holding pattern," he says. "Not at all." Nor is there reward. Were likely it signals Hollinger's re-awakening interest in resource investment as the cash-rich company makes its first major move in three decades. The move will not, for now, be into Noranda Mines Ltd., where Hollinger holds approximately 93 per cent. Instead, the move is for a 30-percent chunk of Bow Valley Industries Ltd. If completed by mid-March, it will have yielded Hollinger a 50-cent move for over away from the gold days in the risk-ridden but reward-rich world of uranium, gas and offshore oil in such diverse places as Saskatchewan, Virginia, the Beaufort and North sea. The deal will cost about \$30 million, but there will be \$27 million sitting in the treasury of the consolidated companies at year's end looking for an investment home. Pointing to Hollinger's beginnings when his father bought the Transcan area property for \$200,000 in 1918, he says, "We're still in the market for any way that we see."

It has been 55 years since he was called to the bar, years of rising at 4 a.m. and working for two hours before leaving the day behind. There is but one regret: "I prospered all over the country, but I never made a big find." He pauses and adds "One of my greatest aims is to get another good mine." As he returns to the folders and seals, some distance in time and place from the prospecting, you know the pain from here will not be frantic, but it may be fruitful.

Harold McQueen

THE SEVENTIES

A witch's brew of a decade

By Peter C. Newman

Perhaps the event that best epitomizes the decade suddenly ending—any claim we can hold onto as proof that the Seventies weren't just the Fifties in a leisure suit—was the return, late last year, of Jacques and Louise Casse-to-Trude from their exile in France. It was during the closing months of 1970, after all, that this ardent couple and their half-dozen colleagues brought the nation to its knees when, as members of the Front de libération du Québec, they kidnapped James Cross, the British trade commissioner in Montreal, and ordered the broadcast of revolutionary events. Nearly a decade later, they came back and entered a civil marriage.

Between the Casse-to-Trude's departure and their homecoming both the province they are accused of having narrowly tried to "liberate" and the country they hoped to hamstring had altered more radically than they could ever have imagined. Only a decade ago Canadians were aglow with post-Expo optimism. I remember touring that magic island on the St. Lawrence and writing in the exhilaration of the moment: "This is the greatest thing we have ever done as a

nation. Surely the modernization of Canada will be dated from this occasion, and from this Fair. The more you are at it, the more you're overwhelmed by a feeling that if this is possible, if this substance, self-educated majority of 20 million people put on this kind of show, it can do almost anything."

We had a freshly elected leader in Pierre Trudeau, a cool man in a hot world doing his grand thing, restoring a sense of inner repose and outward excitement, reminding us all that we were a young nation with unexploited possibilities. His face had that incandescent glow that a thousand photographers' flashes impart to the face, as he invited Canadians to share in his quest for "a just society." The Seventies and their unusual ride were still our finest ambassadors. We counted for something in world councils, the crisis in Paris predicted that our economic future had few limits. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's long-awaited pledge about the 20th century belonging to Canada seemed about to be fulfilled. In Quebec, on Jan. 15, 1974, Robert Bourassa, then billed as a reformer, became leader of the Québec Liberal party, and 100 days later swept the polls on a straight federal ticket.



1970: Kidnapped James Cross's house



1971: Missy (center) meets Pierre Trudeau

Now, on the tenuous edge of the Eighties, René Lévesque's government, which shares the Casse-to-Trude's objectives, if not methods, is firmly convinced in power, poised to call a plebiscite on its separatist intentions. The unfortunate dual phenomena of high unemployment and rising inflation is dimming our economic visibility. Instead of dreaming about the promise of the Canadian experiment, even the post-Expo optimists have begun to debate its legitimacy.

The Seventies have been a witch's brew of a decade. As stealthily as a thief in the night whose silent passing leaves a sense of disquiet rather than the grief of sudden treasures, the decade robbed us of the natural optimism

Only a decade ago Canadians were aglow with a post-Expo spirit

which once anchored the Canadian character. It was during the Seventies that we began to turn on ourselves, to shut out most of the rest of the world, to doubt our collective faculty to survive and our individual capacity to deal with the forces of social, economic and politi-

cal disunion threatening the country's future. The historians will probably reduce the Seventies to a marginally significant period of transition. But for those of us who lived through it, the decade signalled less a time of transformation than the end of something. And what was ending was the debate but durable consensus that has kept Canadians together. Our national symbols—the maple leaf among them—have been debased and even while existing public institutions, social ethics and individual values were being challenged and abandoned on all sides, no new ones were being enshrined.

The Canadian genius for compromise and concision, the willingness of people to subjugate their regional interests and personal feelings for sake of the national interest, was dead or dying. By this, the last decisive year of the decade, we no longer had, as we could once believe, merely two solitudes, but 22 million solitudes, based on the dismember of our individual discontents. It's as if a centre of action had broken down in each one of us—as if we were living through a spasm of history in which society no longer shaped personalities, but men and women preferred to plot their own, personal journeys to self-fulfillment. This incoherence by association produced a kind-back perversion of narcissism, less interested in life than in lifestyles, caught up in their own private solitudes to the exclusion of national concerns. We became preoccupied



1972: Juhani Paik Henderson scores winning goal at Moscow games



1972: Cowdoy speaker Linda Ronstadt



1970: Montreal's Quiet Revolution killed four students of the King's College

with surface appearances, symbols which might somehow measure up (at least in the eyes of the rest of the country, not—each of us who are—are still) "All right, Jack?"

This self-midnight attitude in turn disoriented the politicians who couldn't decide whether they should switch from pretending to be legislators to pretending to be statisticians. They became neither and lost their credibility in the process. The Left fragmented itself into confusion and impotence; the Right co-opted the politics Centre. Among our party leaders (including provincial premiers elected before 1980) only Pierre Trudeau survives the decade still in office, if not entirely in power, a poignant reminder of his—and our—shattered hopes.

A great deal happened during the Seventies, but not much seemed to change. Unlike the Sixties, it was a decade that never managed to spawn any generational voices of its own. The young grew up separately, sharing few hot issues or cold ones, dropping back to live their souls from the strangeness of the sleepy Fifties.

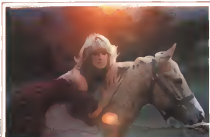
Building on the activist momentum of issues imported from the U.S., the Sixties' generation went on a psychic rampage personally shaking the very foundations of Canadian society by challenging its collective faith in the Protestant Ethic (the idea that the highest satisfaction of all comes from a hard day's work well done) and ques-

The survivors of the Sixties exchanged their buckskins for jogging suits

tioning the worship of moderation as an essential ingredient in social change. Dr. Vivian Rakoff, chief of psychiatry at St. Mary's Hospital in Toronto, sees the Seventies as a period of evaluation and reorganization. "We have the sense of having come through a firestorm."

The Sixties short-circuited all our

nervous systems. Richard Rovere of *The New Yorker* tagged it "the sham of a decade," but for most of those who formed its vanguard (marching to Ernest Hemingway's dictum that a writer never smokes you feel good, so good) the nervousness was not all downers. Their date of puberty turned (into a badge of sensibility, with promiscuity, marijuana and the pseudo-military cant of revolution) becoming symbols of their defiance and rejection of middle-class values. Suddenly it seemed as if all of Canadian society had reorganized itself around the problem of getting kids safely through the teen-age years. Youth was all we were, we had talked about. In 1969, John Lennon made a pilgrimage to Toronto's Varsity Stadium to stage Woodstock-North, a match-



1974: Farrah Fawcett's hair became a top icon of the decade

less affair dedicated to peace, love and international understanding. Five years later, the Canada Jazz Festival at Mosport was distinguished only by the amount of beer consumed. Today's 14- to 20-year-olds, bombarded with hyped rock and roll stripped of its ideological undercurrents, have turned opportunists, looking for the 20-odd places reserved for Canadians in the flesh year of the Harvard Business School.

At the same time, the age-30-plus survivors of the Sixties have long since turned in their buckskins, commandeered berets and combat boots for jogging suits, have cut their hair, and now get their rushes from daring into health food stores, watching *M*A*S*H* reruns and "maximizing their potential" inside the corporate pyramids they had once vowed to demolish. Ron Davis, best of the Sixties campus activists who was

The only political movement to survive into the Seventies has been feminism

instrumental in setting up Toronto's Free University, has moved out of neo-parliamentary politics to practice his hange as a member of Strikingfund. Prompted by the excesses of their American counterparts, Boston and his shock troops hoped to overturn the system, detonating a revolution that would create a radically different Canadian society. Instead, we got Joe Clark, King of Anarchism, and Galtbraith

During the Sixties, only the young enjoyed a "lifestyle," now every body does. The Sixties girl wore blue jeans and peasant blouses, let her hair grow long and natural, dabbled in drugs and group gropes, had an active sex life and adapted the birth control pill. The archetypal Woman of the Seventies wears boots the year round, has rediscovered nail polish and purple lipstick, forsakes the natural look for cosmetics and still leads an active sex life, though she's less certain about which contraceptives to use. (To accommodate one of her whims, the cosmetics makers recently came up with makeup specifically designed to stay on in bed.)

More importantly, the only political movement to survive the Sixties has been feminism. Men in the early Seventies dived into boudoirs as women rushed out for a larger number of society's common goals. (Oscar's won't "smoke.") First, MacDonald would never have made a significant run for the Tory leadership. Barbara Frum, Jan Texmon and Valerie Klein would not have become star broadcasters and Canada's abortion laws would never have been changed had it not been for the women's movement. Feminism made sex a political issue, and that's where there was the most impact—between the sheets.

The Sixties male talked about alternatives, wore denim and T-shirts, had shaggy hair, smoked pot and "accen-



1972: Jane Fonda boots into war machines



1974: Richard Nixon follows in to House on his last day as president



1964: Striking for peace at the Academy Awards ceremony in Hollywood



1975: Jaws' breaks a box office record

For those who lived through it, the decade was the end of something

tered" His Seventies counterpart has embraced the values of upward mobility and determined that he must demonstrate the part (in 1975, male executives worth an estimated \$100 million were still in Canada.) Bushman even has a special dryer called L/1 Red Devil designed for men to take along on business conferences. The kind of vanity that was once the private province of businessmen now enhances male goatees who are fervently masculine. The changing style is men (is not the ideal contemporary woman is most noticeable in the reach from the thin-tipped, aerobic movie heroes of the Fifteen (James Dean, Montgomery Clift, John Garfield) through the sensitive but alienated idols of the Sixties (Jack Nicholson, Dustin Hoffman and George Segal) to the current crop of witty guys (Richard Dreyfuss, Kris Kristofferson and Jon Voight) who don't treat women like doilies or buddies, but can handle their new equality with competence and conviction.



1975 The Partridge Family victory tour



1977 Mick Jagger, Keith Richards and Charlie Watts with the Rolling Stones

They expectations may have been relaxed, but fewer children didn't bleed for watching The Sixties altered all of our habits and perceptions. Even if Peter Laubach and John Travolta seemed to be the most important new faces of the Seventies, many further personalities without the decade in the field. Among them John Depp, Gordon Lightfoot, John Turner, Jane Fonda, Billy Graham, Keith Davy, Barbara Streisand, Mick Jagger, Taylor Swift, Muhammad Ali and Bobby Hull—not to mention the Montreal Canadiens, the Boston Red Sox, the New York Yankees, party lines, marijuana and sex. Roll, the most enduring legacy of that military decade was the demand by everyone for a voice in the decisions controlling their lives. No one was any longer jump into a situation and bark out the command, "It's without somebody asking 'Why?'"

If the Seventies had an anthem, it was the rhymic, 2/4 beat of the disco. The free floating gyrators of the Six-

ties have been replaced by cool automata who faint their desire under the strobe in a sexually charged choreography that reduces sensuality to its crudest, most mechanical form. "Dances," writes Andrew Kopkind in *New Times*, "affirms the 'various' Seventies, emphasizing surface over substance, mood over meaning, body over mind, going out over staying in."

A vibrant domestic film industry was born during the Seventies, but most Canadians still went to American movies and the big box-office smash of the decade featured a man stark (Lenny) and cartoon characters (Barney and Sepia). Rock musicians became cultural heroes and even Canadians, usually slow on the entrepreneurial uptake, got the message by finding such groups as Rush, Trooper, Cliffhanger, CANO, Kinto and Illuminatus. It was O.J. Simpson who popularized the word "superstar," and it was superstars like O.J. who made sports the biggest room-making entertainment around, with a lot of youngsters who grew up watching



1976 Mao Tse-tung lies in state in Peking after dying at age 82

peaks on his ponds at Suburbanism suddenly finding themselves in creative salary ranges. At the same time, it was big business (through overexpansion) that diluted the quality of the game, creating an unwieldy league that produced maybe a dozen good hockey nights per season. Reggie Jackson and Charles O. Finley kept baseball alive, but tennis and squash emerged as the decade's fastest growing sports.

The great Canadian sign of the Seventies was the power shift westward that followed the 1973 credit price hikes which began to move the centre of gravity of Canadian corporate decision-making out of the economic, political and cultural nexus of the Toronto-Montreal-Ottawa corridor toward Alberta.

"Cowboy" was the epithet used by the barons of Bay Street when they first encountered Calgary's newly influential entrepreneurs, even if, like Rob Blair, they had been educated at Queen's, the American Establishment's very own prep school, and Queen's University. The new patriots who ran Alberta don't usually conform to the more mid-Atlantic patricians who still dominate Toronto's boardrooms. But neither are they Marlboro men with bank accounts who hunt Johnny Cash drinks and parade their neo-intellectual be-



1976 John Paul Jones suddenly

The great Canadian saga of the Seventies was the power shift westward

comes by condemning anything pretentious, except dollar bills. Their conversation is peppered with the technological patois of their trade, devoid of such barbs as "vicio's trusts" and "surrenderal outcrops" that will dance them in the better-down East. Life in the New West endows creative conversation with hip-back intonation and the open optimism of the frontier.

The pros and all-stars such as Rob Blair, Jack Gallagher, Jack Piroo, Bill Richards, Rob Paton, and Arne Nielsen represent an important new configuration in the Canadian power structure. "Now we can do anything anyone out of New York or Houston or London can do," Blair and recently, "There's a clear



1970 Sacha and Elaine in Clump Diver



1977 Elvis Presley, the king of rock, dies suddenly at 42 in Memphis



1976 Joe Clark leads Tories

We stand at a moment in Canadian history that may yet change all our lives

movement of financial power away from Toronto and Montreal into Western Canada? Western Canada's conventional hydrocarbon energy potential has been estimated at \$45 billion. One in 10 Alberta income earners now averages more than \$35,000 a year.



1970: Claude Parry leads Quebec Liberals.



1970: See nears its end in John Trevellick. Lily Tozin movie.

while one in 50 Maritimers takes home less than \$5,000 a year. For the past fiscal year, Alberta shelled up a \$1.6-billion surplus (not including the \$4.7 billion already stashed away in its Heritage Fund) while Ontario is currently budgeting for a \$1.5-billion deficit.

The transfer of power is very real. Calgary now has 82 major head offices in addition to Vancouver's 36, and every night the 38-wheel train rolls westward, moving 1,300 newsmen a month into Alberta alone. Beth Bedrick, Eastern representative at Sunways and The Globe and Mail, are now owned by western-organized money pools—and money beds are in the works.

The central figure in this tiff of asphyxiation is Peter Lougheed, who made his definite pronouncement on the subject during the 1976 Conservative leadership contest, by demanding "Why should I wait to run Canada when I already run Alberta?" Shook Yaman, the oil minister from Saskatchewan, sensed the pulse of the province's reach while visiting the province in mid-1975 to study its far north prospects. At a private Government House reception there came an awkward moment when he stared deeply into Peter Lougheed's face, and answered to a hushed gathering "You really do have blue eyes."



1975: In Jonestown, Guyana, more than 500 cultists commit suicide.



1976: The Cassette-Trudels come back, kids after an eight-year exile at Paris.

In terms of our place in the world, most of us have fond memories of the early Seventies as a time when the Canadian dollar was still a serious currency. Yet it was a brief decade, crisscrossed with kidnappings, wars and the spectacle of the U.S. being ruled by an ambitious and paranoid man of dynamite whose general allowed us to participate vicariously in the high drama of an event that never really touched us. We watched the Watergate subterfuges being unveiled, numbly going at the final bloodletting and horrors of Da Nang, Saigon and Cambodia, concluding that however bad things might be at home we were damn lucky not to be as corrupt or disingenuous as the awful Americans. We had come through our testing time with the invocation of the War Measures Act, we had already taken a cynical turn of our own. And so we attempted to escape from the arcade world, longing to recreate simpler times by retreating to the comforting absolutes of health and home. It was not to be.

At the start of 1979 we stand at a moment in Canadian history that may yet change all of our lives and citizenship. There are no magical windows through which to peep into the unknown, but the contrasting disintegration of authority at the centre, the massive power shift westward and the threat to our integrity as a nation are plain in René Lévesque's impending referendum—all of this and more, in the context of a people who have lost their faith in seeking solutions through political action—may yet turn the Seventies into the most decisive decade of them all. Our new penitential kingdom has become a strange new land, its future as unpredictable as a bathroom.

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The citizens who died for atom and country

As the United States began testing its nuclear weapons in the Nevada desert 35 years ago, the few scattered families who lived close by believed they were privileged. They would get up in the dark to see the mushroom clouds

rise down into day. In the red cliff and desert canyon country of southwest Utah the farmers gathered to stare in wonder at the mushroom clouds that followed the first white flash. And they remember now how they felt when and

proed to be part of a nation with such colossal military power.

But the memories are tinged with bitterness and anger. For soon after the thousand explosions that shook the ground for 58 miles, pink clouds of fallout dust would drift over the landscape. The government promised that it wouldn't harm anyone and even congratulated the local population for being "in a very real sense active participants in the nation's atomic test program." That was just before people started dying.

Life changed in the frontier-like areas of southern Utah and northern Arizona. A certain fear took hold. Children and adults alike died of leukemia in numbers that stretched way beyond the national average. Other cancer deaths, particularly those connected with lymph glands, became—and still are—much more common. And there was a startling rise in birth defects.

Washington authorities ordered medical studies but they were reported to be incomplete and the Atomic Energy Commission assured everyone that their nuclear tests had been "harmless."

Still, the people who actually live in this controversial remote corner of America have remained certain that "something is funny."

Cancer is widespread. And yet, there is practically no industrial pollution in the area. Also, a great many of the locals are devout Mormons who don't smoke, drink alcohol, coffee or tea. A 1976 study by the University of Utah shows that among such people the incidence of cancer should be 32 per cent lower than the national average.

Last summer a group of women in the small town of St. George, Utah, decided to find out exactly what grounds there were for the fears that stem back to those above-ground nuclear tests. They were out to back up suspicions with facts. They phoned everyone in the telephone book and asked if they, a relative or friend, had cancer. From a population of 10,000 they found 85 people suffering from cancer at that time and 75 others who had died from it in recent years. Another telephone session in Cedar City, 59 miles north, turned up the names of 75 cancer victims and in nearby Panguitch, a town with a population of 6,000, the group found 175 cancer victims, many of whom were children at the time of the nuclear tests.

The women formed themselves into the Committee of Survivors and encouraged all living cancer victims, and the survivors of those who have died, to claim damages from the federal govern-

ment. They have hired a high-powered Washington lawyer and through him filed 35 claims each for \$1 million last September. They filed another 100 claims in December and a 100 more in mid-January. By this summer they plan to have registered about 300 claims. To date there has been no response.

But the plot is thickening. For The Washington Post has unearthed, through the Freedom of Information Act, a study conducted for the U.S. Public Health Service in 1963 which shows that extensive leukemia deaths were occurring among Utah residents exposed to radioactive fallout from atomic bomb tests. The study was never published. Rather it was shelved and forgotten. Although this is now denied, the suspicion is that the study was ignored because of the embarrassment it threatened to the government.

According to the Washington newspaper, officials of the department of health, education and welfare—now involved in dealing with the claims from the Committee of Survivors—were "horrified" when first told about the study.

The study makes clear that from 1961 until atomic testing went underground in 1968, more than 30 above-ground tests were conducted at the Nevada proving grounds. Further studies that following 28 to 30 of the tests radioactive fallout spread into areas of southern Utah and northern Arizona populated by a few thousand.

Most significant is details that between 1961 and 1968 a time when none of the biggest and "dirtiest" nuclear tests were made—"We sophisticated or detailed fallout measurements were taken in populated areas." In other words, the government wouldn't know (and use is hesitant to say that) the responsible officials didn't even have much data was landing on the people.

As leukemia and lymph gland cancers increased, Utah state officials were becoming disturbed by the unusual appearance of birth defects. In fact Washington counties there reached a "marked peak" in 1968. In those other nearby counties birth defects reached "an extraordinary peak" in 1962. Despite the indications, nuclear testing of French claim that no one could have expected enough fallout to trigger their illness. They say that the atmospheric tests were conducted safely, and that there wasn't enough fallout outside the testing grounds to cause health problems.

Those assurances did not convince at least one local doctor. Theodor Stewart grew up about 45 miles southeast of the testing grounds at a time when the fallout was at its worst. His first of leukemia in July 18, 1962, age 26. Her

doctor attributed her fatal disease to "being lured by radioactive fallout" while walking to school in the early 1950s.

As the Committee of Survivors begins to assess its evidence a few months ago, Utah politicians were called into line. The state's two congressmen and its two senators pushed resources to pressure the White House, the Department of Energy and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to look again at the aftermath of the nuclear tests. As a result, President Carter has ordered New Secretary Sherry California

to re-evaluate the findings of earlier studies on the incidence of leukemia in Utah, particularly in the southwestern area, reopen a study conducted in the late 1960s on the incidence of thyroid disease, and consider, in consultation with Utah officials, the possibility of developing a larger and more complete study.

Congressman Don Marriot, whose district includes the worst hit fallout areas, says, "I'm just horrified that nothing has been done yet. Other people seem to have been used as guinea pigs."

William Lawler

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Easing the trials of a legal career

What? Perry Mason isn't! Never! Only those unfortunate enough to be cross-examined by television's top lawyer fall victim to sweaty palms and shaking heads. But, in real life, lawyers as well as witnesses regularly suffer the effects of the 90s country's most pervasive malady—stress.

To be sure, tension itself is hardly a recent phenomenon in the legal profession. What has changed is the strait-laced bar's willingness to acknowledge the problem. Exhibit 1 is the new legal consciousness, an article by Sam Frank-

lin¹ in an attempt to answer that question, the Canadian Bar Association, in co-operation with the American Bar Association, has scheduled a panel on stress for its May conference in Montreal. "To tell you the truth, I don't think you would have found anyone discussing the subject 30 years ago," admits Lois Dyer, director of professional services of the Canadian Bar Association.

Behavioral scientists studying the problems of lawyers and stress attribute the change in attitude to a new generation of attorneys, the survivors of

Prozac[®] rather than those who seem to have a strong hold on stress," says University of Chicago assistant professor Dr. Douglas Kalsman who is undertaking a survey on lawyers and stress for the Canadian Bar Association.

To compound the problem, many of this generation's laid-back young lawyers are facing pressures which even older members of the profession admit are unprecedented. With law school enrolments growing astronomically, the competition to land a job at a prestigious firm has never been stiffer. No wonder, with starting salaries in New York as high as \$100,000 for graduates fresh out of law school. And the competition intensifies as young attorneys vie with each other, logging up to 60 hours a week, far coveted invitations to become partners in major firms.

The problems of tension have even surfaced in the forum where lawyers have traditionally mastered their most impressive arguments—open court. In his defense of Michael Perkins, a partner in a major New York firm convicted of apparent documents in a trademark suit and filed against Eastman Kodak, former U.S. federal judge Harold Tyler observed, "Those in our profession who know about this, if they are honest about it, would admit that there, but for the grace of God, go I, because of the pressure which comes upon men and women who practise law in big cities."

With much of the stress in practicing law undoubtedly stems from the dynamics of the profession, many attorneys believe the community as a whole is putting increasing pressure on the legal profession. "When other branches of government can't solve problems, they tend to get dumped on the courts," says Tyler. "A lot of issues, environmental ones for example, don't belong in the adversarial system and this creates a lot of pressure for lawyers," he explains.

For psychologists studying lawyers under stress, the size or nature of the case load is not the root of the problem but rather the heavy traditions of the law itself. "Lawyers are always trained for total victory," says Kansas City, Missouri, psychologist Thomas Green. "It all begins in the ethos of law school, the competition and the introversion. They learn to repress their arguments to

avoidant an opponent and often they achieve so-called victories in other areas of their lives by the same techniques."

David Chappell, chairman of the Young Lawyers Division of the American Bar Association, knows what Green speaks of. "I was on a crash diet for six weeks," he recalls. "That with \$1,000 worth of marriage counselling I've finally gotten over the idea that lawyers are unemotional."

After his close and expensive brush with personal disaster, Chappell has been the guiding force behind a series of seminars for his colleagues on law and stress. Experimental three-day sessions have included such topics as "Law and the Practice of Life," "Friends, Partners and Lovers," and "Bailing with the Bail—How Expectations Can Inhibit the Practice of Life." Confesses Chappell, "At first I thought people would laugh at the idea but the response has been really encouraging. Young lawyers from 30 to 45 react all the time they spend away from their families. That's why the idea of stress is taking on so strongly."

Not all lawyers, however, subscribe to Chappell's notions with enthusiasm.



Some skeptics at ABA headquarters wonder whether significant numbers of lawyers will be willing to enroll for fees up to \$500 in the Young Lawyers Division programs. And the vivid Ann Kirscheny remains unwilling to fund an in-depth study of legal identities that Chappell has advocated.

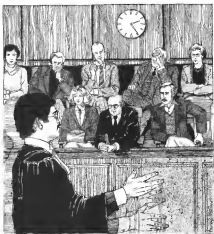
However, for some established firms, stress consciousness has become a reality. A few offer seminars to take off the pressure and one innovative New York firm, Kramer, Lawman, Neuman, Korman & Soli, actually retains a

psychiatrist who aids young associates with a critique of their own partners at the firm's annual retreat. "What I do amounts to sensitivity training with lawyers," says Dr. Samuel Klingbein of his role with the law firm. Senior partner Arthur Kramer prodded himself played with the results. "I think our kind of atmosphere creates a lot of young lawyers that don't go to the place where they want to practice," he says.

Some young practitioners are finding ways to take the stress out of practicing law on their own. In Kansas City, attorney Robert Mann's standard after dinner drink includes jeans and Fry's boots. The bearded Mann claims neither his appearance nor his initial client conference in which he explains "Law is part of my life, but not my whole existence," has hurt his business.

And while there appears to be no danger that all street lawyers will trade in their Brooks Brothers best for cowboy suits and abandon their briefcases and briefcases for the language of love, there are some signs that, at long last, attorneys are beginning to realize that there is life beyond the three-bell suit.

Bills Christopher



case psychologist Barry Goodfield is Barretts, the associate of the Young Lawyers Division of the American Bar Association with the provocative title, *Do Lawyers Have Problems Being Pro-*

the campus revolts of the 1960s who now are wary of finding themselves trapped in the very system they had hoped to escape. "I think we are seeing a general concern with taking it easy. The

total victory," says Kansas City, Missouri, psychologist Thomas Green. "It all begins in the ethos of law school, the competition and the introversion. They learn to repress their arguments to

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Media

This land is your land

Ten years ago, when the movie, *Norwood*, was packing them in at the cinema, the Canadian Association for Adult Education had an idea. Why not stage, in the form of network television specials, a grassroots debate on Canada's future and other issues of the day? "Right from the start we wanted CBC to do it," says CAASE's executive director, Ian Morrison. And so it will. The first of the six-part series, *People Talking Back*, will be shown on Feb. 4.

Morrison got an appointment to see CBC President Al Johnston and was expecting only 20 or 30 minutes "in which to make a quick pitch" for free airtime. But Johnston liked the idea so much he kept him there 2½ hours. And indeed, in retrospect, it's easy to see why the corporation would be hot for such a scheme, which has "mandate" written all over it and can't fail but score Brownie points with the CBC. The shows, all of them originating from Edmonton and with at least the first one hosted by Gordon Pinsent, will include satellite links to major cities and filmed people in the street interviews on pre-selected topics. Viewers will be encouraged to phone in their two cents' worth and then the thrust and volume of their response, taped for future broadcast, will help determine the shape of other shows in the series. The general themes are language rights, distrust of politicians and the media, the economy, labor, and the future, generally.

One of the reasons Edmonton was chosen as the site is the fact that, according to Donald MacDonald, second-in-command at CBC public affairs, "it has done this sort of programming locally and regionally." So, of course, has the CBC presently, on radio. Such programs as *Citizen's Forum* and *Focus* have won over the last word in open broadcasting but collapsed in the 1980s under the weight, not just of television, but of a more sophisticated approach to public opinion. (One survivor is *Cross Country Checkup*.) Now the fashion is for a return to town-calling sort of journalism. *People Talking Back* can be seen as comparable to *Four Faces*, letters to the editor, which is being launched in the U.S. on a regular basis after several successful trials.

People Talking Back is designed, says Morrison, "to give not just the kids, the experts and the oddballs but the average citizen a chance to speak." For the CBC at least, there's also a twang of pitch involved. "TV sooner or later has to

cope with the times," says MacDonald. "It has to get some feedback, has to change its own role in the country. This is an attempt to see if this (the old democratic spirit of radio days) can be transferred to television. It's kind of an experiment for CBC."

Delores MacFarlane, the series' executive producer, traveled to every province and both territories doing informal research in the field. "I really began to sense that there's something happening," she says. "People are fed up not just with the Liberals but with the whole political system. They're fed up with everything big big government, big business, big labor, big company towns." Presumably big budgets, as well. The CBC is putting on the first three-hour special for a mere \$160,000 in direct production costs, the other five installments are expected to absorb only \$2,000 to \$4,000 per show in production costs.

Rather than phone in to the show in progress, callers are to phone provincial representatives positioned in advance by the CAASE, drawing on some of the 50 Sheraton, YMCAs and other public ser-



vise groups formed in a loose confederacy for this project under the CAASE banner.

Morrison is sincere in believing in the importance of the series in terms of citizen involvement. But he stresses that "it has to be entertainment, it has to be good TV" as well. The shows are going out live from the 500-seat Victoria High School Performing Arts Theatre. Besides links to such provinces will include a scripted talk with the various groups set up by the CAASE. These will alternate with man-on-the-street film clips. All this will be bridged by music from a group called the Fat Chorus and "mood songs" by Pinsent, who was chosen over other possible names for his appeal around the big cities and his professionalism without glitziness.

"It has potential," says Delores MacFarlane frankly, "for being the biggest day's breakfast in the world." But then, too, it could also be an accurate reflection of the mood of the times. It's somehow sadly appropriate, for instance, that this crying out for input on (among other topics) a national unity will not be seen at all on the French-language network.

Doug Feilberg



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Television

Homage to historians: the colors of cant

It is the autumn of 1977. Film-maker Harry Ranky (*Homage to Chagall*, *The Colors of Love*) and a film crew went to California chasing a lead in the mysterious disappearance of the Peking Man fossils. They didn't find any bones, but, unimpaired, Ranky used the footage to mount a rare interview with Pulitzer Prize-winning historian Will and Ariel Durant. The result, *The Canadian Connection*, *The Lessons of History* (CBC, Wed, Jan 21, 9:30 p.m.) was an embarrassment for the CBC. The film hadn't been assigned and had no budget number Ranky, a man of enormous ego (his narcissism virus doesn't differentiate between awards and apocryphal) and legendary persistence (he admits to studying his subjects like wild animals) persuaded the CBC to accept this filmic mission.

Will and Ariel Durant live in the Hollywood Hills in an ancient and rundown castle filled with thousands of books. They are old. He is virtually deaf and suffers from arthritis, her teeth are loose and her eye shadow would look garish on a woman one-third her age. Since the interview, says Ranky, Will, 69, has had a stroke and even Ariel, 68, "has aged strangely." Ranky claims he couldn't interview them now. That makes his program, which shows the Durants in strident form, a valuable archival document. It is not, however, a good film.

The Canadian connection of the title is tenuous indeed. Durant, like other famous "Canadians" such as Jack Keenan, was born of French-Canadian parents. C'est tout. He met his Kauf-

man in New York and married her in 1913 when he was 21 and she a mere 14. For years Will called her Park and then switched to Ariel, forgetting that both are the names of male figures. In the beginning he was the teacher and writer—his *The Story of Philosophy* was a best-seller in 1906—and she was the student and mother. Eventually Ariel became a full collaborator on their mammoth 11-volume series, *The Story of Civilization* (published between 1938 and 1975). Their last book, *The Age of Reformation*, came out in 1977. The Durants are popularians, masters of the sweeping generalization. Scholars, unlike the public, have not always been kind.

Ranky, however, is an admirer, not an historian ("I leave the critical assessments to scholars"). Gently he guides the Durants through an interview based on their own *Lessons of History* (1968), but he makes no attempt to place their work in the context of historical scholarship or to analyze their methodology. Occasionally he interprets some flimsy album photographs, otherwise he lets the camera continue its relentless and unflattering examination of the aged Durants. The only challenge to Will's bromides ("The present is the past rolled up for action and the past is the present unrolled for understanding") comes from Ariel. A typical exclamation:

Will: In a theological sense you are a violation of the laws of God.

Ariel: As interpreted by the priesthood.

Will: Well, through... (sniffs) Before yourself!

What a couple they must have been. **Sandra Nurtis**

The Durants and Ranky: ago and ago



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Bayonets beware—Joe 'Cecil Trueheart' Clark is loose among the landed gentry

By Alan Fotheringham

The problem is that Joe Clark really is a nice guy. He is kind, he is considerate. He would never do anything intentionally rude. He is, in a way, a sort of sociological freak, a mutation from the 1930s in the way he acts. Watching him carefully at close range over an extended period of days, one gets the impression of Cecil Trueheart, the second lord in a Noll Coward play set in the land of gentlefolk.

Clark himself, who in private is devastatingly analytical about himself, even knows the reason why High River, Alberta, despite its royalist-Corporate image, was one of those prairie towns populated in early days by resistance men—the semi-fabled hero of the English period, sent abroad to lose themselves so as not to disgrace the family name. In High River, of all places, they played cricket when Clark grew up. As he explains, it was a town where men were meant something. It wasn't Gary Cooper at all. It was Noll Coward, within sight of the Rockies.

Watching Joe Clark day in, day out, night in, night out, as he mused the phone on an administration that may have been the worst political decision since Stalin, one is reminded constantly of that self-description of his background. It is the view's too party crowd. Four sentiments, a cartoon ("thank-you-very-much") while stopping backwater for fear of giving offence. Thank-you-very-much because the outburst of the Clark tour. Within days, after hearing it incessantly directed at prime ministers, subway attendants, minor politicians and, as period jokes that tormented the Clark entourage leaked it, unstated it, repeated it, set it into unbroken pattern and Gilbert and Sullivan rhythms. If it is not a star turn at the House of Commons, Press Gallery dinner, along with poor Joe doing his Macmillan act playing dead-first into a military guard of honour, then nature indeed is what closes Saturday night.

There is something worth examining

in that fall-back phrase into the bayonets of the house guard. Clark, as voters will discover during the spring election campaign, is a man who gives the impression that he is never quite sure what to do with his body.

Everything seems out of sync when he walks, his arms swinging to the beat of a different drummer, the wrists and hands only vaguely connected to the arms. He is one of those rare people who does not appear comfortable walking. You want to place a chair in his way to put him at his ease. These long spindly



limbs fit about nervously, rubbing one another, flying to the pockets, fidgety tapping as the table or whatever is available. One suspects his sides with he would take up smoking, just as René Lévesque is losing his habit.

All this physical awkwardness has nothing to do with the ability to govern, of course, but it may affect his ability to get elected. Mackenzie King did not rule in the age of television. Clark never really appears at ease in public, even he senses the cameras are on him, he fronts over more and tends to bump into things, including layettes. A Gerni Ford engine, once acquired in the press/public mind, is a difficult abstraction to shake.

The other factor that became revealing in Clark's snapshot tour of the globe is his difficulty in speaking English. It must be understood that, as a high-school debating champion, he grew up in the era of Dieffenbaker and, whether he realises it or not, takes in the consolidated, Rotare-impressive style



of that genius of oratoricalisation. A query for directness becomes the Gettysburg Address. Clark is a guide in a Jordanian farming area. "You are not as fortunate a magnificent cereal producer!" Clark to a guide in impoverished India. "What is the totality of his land?" Clark to doomed women in a dismal Indian village. "I very much appreciate the very cerebral greeting."

The ineptness and habit of parliamentary pomposity could not be diluted by poverty, travel, alterity or informality. One of the TV commentators who recorded his every instant from his range for two weeks concluded, "He's got no secret assets at all." One of his own entourage, after Clark vaulted the sick bay at the Canadian powerplay camp on the Golan, side-mouthed "Watch out he walked into the needle."

His surprise in discovering that he needed translators in Japan meant conversing with a wife "a bit like an athletic ballet." The searing experience of an Israeli exhibit showing how the Nazis exterminated so million Jews showed "the other consciousness of human life." That's not what he really meant, but those are the things that come out of a mouth conditioned in ten-year Dieffenbakerian. His breathiness of tongue and body was contrasted even more in the little stages by Winston Mythen, an evenly pretty, now stylish, relaxed and pleasant, chattering away in French to a Canadian soldier, possessing just the right touch of light banter needed for these stiff occasions. Her presence emphasised the stark-man image of her uneasy husband.

He is a creature of the parliamentary system, possibly uneasy once outside the formal structure of the high-school debating atmosphere. Voters will make up their own minds over the pressures of a 60-day, camera-saturated campaign—especially considering the insufferable arrogance of the Trudeau gang—but I think for a start we should look at the layettes.

Thank-you-very-much ☺



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